

OUR NEXT EDITION WILL BE THE XMAS WAR CRY

# THE WAR CRY

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA, NORTH-WEST AMERICA, AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

16th Year, No. 11

WILLIAM BOOTH,  
General.

TORONTO, DECEMBER 16, 1899.

EVANGELINE BOOTH,  
Comptroller.

Price, 5 Cents.

MRS. GASKIN

Annual Meetings in Toronto follows:

Friday, Dec. 6. Halliday.

Dec. 8. Holiness Conference.

Monday, Dec. 10, 11.

Dec. 15. Holiness Conference.

Dec. 31. Battle for the Cross.

MRS. READ,

Social Secretary,

visit

Sat., Sun., Mon. and

Tue., 10, 11, 12. Anniversary.

Wed., Mon., Wed. and

Thurs., 14.

Sat. and Sun., Dec.

Tuesday, Dec. 19.

OUTRAGE

visit

8.

10, 11.

12.

TURNER

visit

8.

Sat., Sun., Dec. 9, 10.

and Tues., Dec. 11.

Wednesday, Dec. 13.

Thursday, Dec. 14.

and Sun., Dec. 15.

Friday, Dec. 18.

and Wed., Dec. 19.

Saturday, Dec. 21.

Dec. 22.

Sun., Dec. 23, 24.

Dec. 31.

MISSING

(Advertisement.)

N. Left home, at

for Berlin Mills.

employment, in November.

Occupation since. Occupation

in 5 ft. 5 in. stout.

Reward offered

any news of his

address Enquiry, Toronto.

Last known address

Toronto. Was taking

keeping in some

England anxious.

Ad.

HERBERT. Age

9 in. Right hair,

and from in '98 at

land. May be in

ends anxious. Ad.

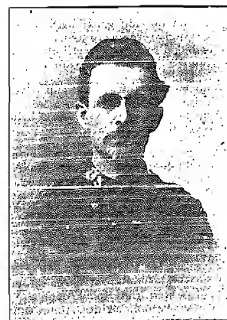
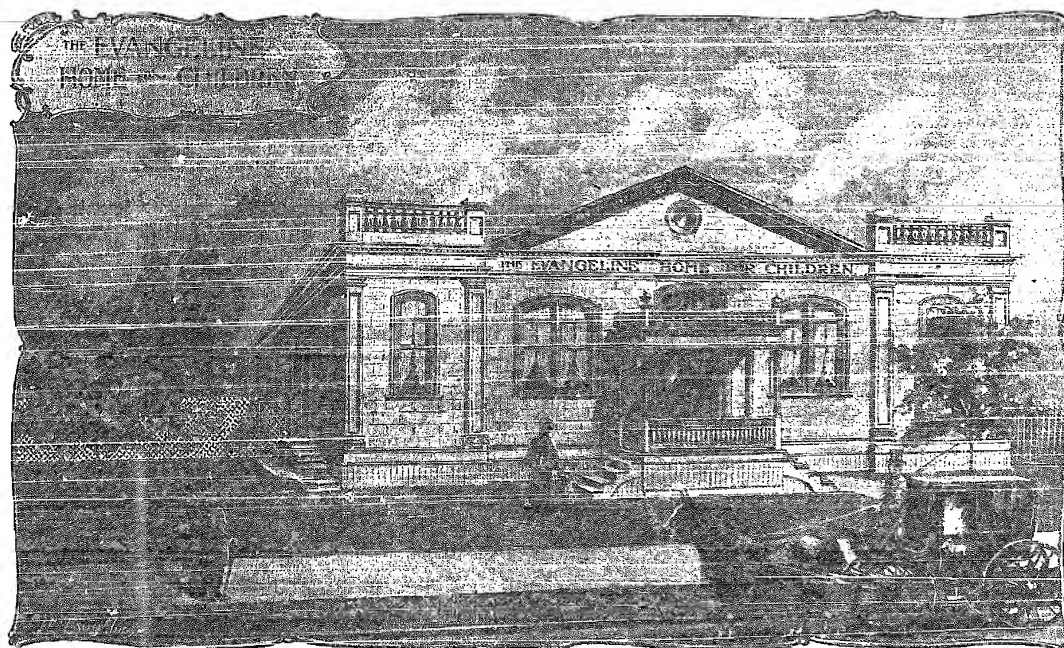
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Official Gazette of

printed and published

C. Horn, S. A.

18 Albert Street,



MAJOR SMEETON.

who superintended the alteration and re-fitting of the building now known as the "Evangeline Home."



The Evangeline Home is the converted "Old Number One" (Richmond Street) barracks, of Toronto. The building was becoming very unsuitable for public meetings; besides, the growth of the city makes it a very undesirable position for a barracks. As a Children's Home it gives excellent accommodation—such as

good, spacious play-rooms, sleeping-rooms, dining-rooms, offices and officers' bed-rooms, and is altogether a very creditable edifice. There is a large sodded plot on one side for out-door exercise. It is a model home for children, and deserves to be classed with the model Rescue Home, on Yonge Street.



ANGELINA.

given to the Army by her dying mother. For this kind the Home is in operation.

# Australasia —Revisited

OR,  
THE UPS AND DOWNS OF COM-  
MISSIONER POLLARD.

(N. B.—The advantage of this serial story is that each chapter can be read as a whole, by new as well as old readers, without referring to what has gone before.—Ed.)

## CHAPTER XXI.

### DARK CURTAINS.

What we have already stated respecting the work of the Army in Australia among the criminal section of its society, may with equal, if not greater, force be applied to its efforts in reforming and saving the Magdolens. Commissioner Pollard points with just pride to the expansion and management of this branch of the Army. It has steadily developed. Colonel Barker gave it its first impetus, and in Commissioner Howard he was wondrously supplanted. Commissioner Coombs followed on the same lines, and, simultaneously with Mrs. Herbert Booth's arrival in Melbourne, there sprang up a hope that it would be considerably strengthened—a hope which has been surprisingly realized. In no country in the world have we more spacious and suitable buildings, healthy surroundings and local and general support, and it would be injurious to say other of its management than that it is highly efficient, defying criticism, and securing the favor and practical help of the various Governments.

### Contrasts.

No allusion to this work would, however, be complete without touching upon the causes which make for vice and immorality in these fair lands. An Englishman who, for the first time, runs through the colonies is profoundly impressed by the absence of certain disfigurements in its social life, as compared with the Mother Country. Sunday is a day of universal repose and decorum. The blazing, open, and overcrowded drinking-saloons of England have no replica in Australia, except in a few places. The low, dingy beer-tap is unknown. You may live for twelve months in the city, or in the bush, and never see a woman cross the door of a whiskey-shop. Dilapidated, disreputable, bawling, drunken women are only occasionally seen. A positive respectability, comfort, and luxury mark the general appearance of things, and, until the dark curtains of vice are discovered, you imagine that here, if anywhere, Paradise will be regained, Utopia established, and the Millennium ushered in.

### The Colonial Woman.

Draw nearer to the people in the mass, and this rosy view of the future will not disappear from the vision. The Australian woman, like the American, is an emancipation. She carries with her the refinement and culture of a superior education and environment. The greater social liberty of the colonies moderates her impetuosity, chastens her speech, and gives her lady-like standing. The slut is a remnant of another generation. She does not thrive under the dazzling sun of the Australian colonies. Dirt and squalor are to be found, but you have to search for these impediments. The voice of the blimpheer and the drunkard may also be heard, but not with the lustiness of a coterie in the Old Kent Road, nor in such numbers as are to be met with in some of our mining hills and valleys.

Nevertheless, Australia sows every year a harvest of vice which is at once a shame and problem to its best friends. The absence of an outward degradation, unfortunately, is here no proof of a much higher type of civilization or morality. That Australia possesses a higher, we frankly and cheerfully concede; but it has not, we regret to say (on the testimony of such keen and clear-sighted men and women as the officers whose names we have just mentioned), reached that standard which makes the need of Rescue and Maternity Homes comparatively small.

There are at work in Australia powerful degenerating causes. The growth and fascination of the city ideal, with all the concomitants of fast living, pleasure and debauchery, have counteracted the influences in favor of rural and village life.

The reduction of the hours of labor and the equality of the wage-earning community have not tended on the whole, to the wise use of the leisure at their command. Human nature will have an outlet for its animal craving, unless controlled by the higher office of the mind or disciplined or sanctified by grace. Hence, gambling is a huge mania in Australia among all classes. And, alas! the evils which follow in its train are seldom dissociated from those which allure its weakest victims into the meshes of vice and the seething caldron of prostitution; and if it is to realize the dreams of its noblest statesmen and best sons and daughters, it will have to grasp more firmly than ever this monstrous social evil.

The pioneers of the Army early foresaw the dangers ahead and founded a Rescue Agency, which has grown to such a dimension that, when the General visited in Australia, the Commandant had the honor of handing to our Leader the following disposition of its operations, viz.:

Women in Homes at beginning of year .....	178
Infants in Homes at beginning of year .....	32
Total number admitted .....	840
From Prisons and Police Courts .....	250
Off streets and by application .....	581
Restored to parents and friends .....	153
Sent to hospitals .....	413
Sent to other Homes .....	43
Left unsatisfactory .....	99
Left to seek work .....	132
Children died .....	201
Women in Homes at end of year .....	30
Meetings held .....	1,076
Lamates converted .....	512
Number of meals supplied .....	253,201
Number of beds supplied .....	13,245
Accommodation of Homes .....	296

Three satisfactory things are suggested by this fine table of work done. The first is the active and practical co-operation which evidently exists between the magistrature and the Army officers. A girl who pleads for a chance, and who is willing to submit herself to the cure and discipline of one of our Homes for one or two months, is certain, unless her crime is exceptional, to be leniently dealt with by the stipendiary. During twelve months, 200 were in this manner, and by the influence of the officer in her prison visitation, brought under the benign and useful rule of our Rescue Homes. The other is the grand total of 581 who were admitted to the Rescue Homes by application and direct from the streets. The Salvation Army is an open-air army. If it were an organization which confined its operations within the four walls of a comfortable Citadel, it is not exaggeration to say that fifty per cent. of the women who fly to our banner in the hour of sorrow and remorse, would go down the stream of despair and prolong their agonies and multiply their kind.

The other satisfactory item in the above is the number who professed salvation—512 out of a total of 840! Now, conversion with no means change—a manifest alteration in the life and conduct. It does not merely represent a profession of repentance and faith at an altar or penitential form, so that the fact that 512 women, more or less dissolute in habit, blighted in their moral sense, and the victims of cruel and physical injury, are put down as converted, shows that the Rescue officers in Australia are made of the right material. What this conversion means will, perhaps, be best understood in the following incident:

"One of the brightest cases we have to tell of is that of Myra N—, who was ruined at an early age, and ran from home, seeking the protection of the Salvation Army to shield her from the sneers and taunts of the cold, cruel world. With this end in view, she tramped on and on for a distance of over twenty miles, in order to reach the nearest large town, where admission to our Maternity Home was obtained. Very soon the little babe opened its eyes upon a world in which it was destined to remain but a short time, for only five months after God took it to Himself. Out of poor Myra's sorrow has sprung up that which has changed the whole course of her life: keeping her eyes ever fixed heavenwards, she rejoices in the hope that one day, by the light of God, which sheds its rays upon her hitherto unclouded existence, she will meet her little one once more."

(To be continued.)

## Gleanings FROM THE EDITOR'S DESK.

### Our St. John's Correspondent.

Mr. Robt. Pittman, of St. John's, Nfld., is an old War Cry correspondent, whose copy is always welcome in the Editorial office. He has two daughters in the work now. He writes "Captain Pittman, now in Houlton, Me., is my daughter, and I have another just going into the S. A. work here. God bless and give them success; they are of my heart. And God bless their worthy father, the Editor adds."

—O—O—

### Beer and Brilou.

Among the Self-Denial cords that were handed in at the Temple, the one of Daddy Watkins' was especially remarkable. It contained contributions of five and ten cents each from Buller, Joubert, Hoer, Kruger, Stein, Miller, etc. This historic document is in possession of Staff-Capt. Archibald, who will doubtless sell it at a reasonable sum to any wealthy curio-collector.

—O—O—

### Alaskan Advances.

Adj. McGill and his worthy wife are in for bringing their work up to high-water mark. They have started the Junior work with four companies. Well done! Other Western corps do likewise. The special weekly meetings for Indians are a grand success and the converts already gained are turning out very satisfactory.

—O—O—

### "The Bishop and the Boy."

"He that knows unto all men at Headquarters, and all other quarters, that on the 20th day of November, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety-nine, that a fine boy cadet arrived in the home of Adj. Blackburn to help in the wind-up of Self-Denial. He has started to sing already. The mother is as well as can be expected."

"Our S.-D. target is all O. K. now." As ever yours, S. Blackburn, Adj.

## Times' Stream (A DREAM.)

I stood upon the shores of Time and watched the stream sweep onward to eternity. A beautiful stranger stood beside me, the like of whom I had never seen before. I knew, instinctively, that my companion was not as myself, a prisoner of matter, bound to this smelting furnace of a world, with its tantalizing tangle of mysteries, its glorious possibilities for love, and for wisdom, and for holiness, its awful and incomprehensible failures, its seeming anarchy of giant forces, its frightful babel and mental chaos, its mad strife, its selfishness, pride, and hatred, and its darkness, misery, and despair.

I felt no fear, because my soul felt no condemnation, and because I saw a love in the eyes of my companion too tender and too deep for words.

I turned and asked concerning Time's river, which flows so restlessly at our speed—some soaringly moving, while others bound? And he replied, "It is a parenthesis, or bridge, between two eternities. Look thou at the river, mark well what thou seest and receive instruction."

I looked, and lo! the river was tumbling with human life. Some battling against the current, others floating smoothly and aimlessly down. Those who stemmed the fierce tide were forging ahead at various rates of speed—some scarcely moving, while others cut their way by sheer force through the rapid, rolling waters, outstripping the rest, passing them one by one, cheering the weak and faltering ones as they passed, but pressing onward as though racing for a prize.

I said, "Why do these go so fast while others scarcely move, and why not all float with the stream, it is so much easier?"

Being dead.

"Those who stem the current," replied my companion, "are living souls. Within them are hidden mighty hidden forces. These forces are available to faith, and in a deeper sense to love. Those you see travelling so fast, see the soul. They

know God, and with the eyes of the soul they, in some measure, see Him. Nevertheless, they have much to learn yet. Those who move so slowly are Christ's little ones. The terrific force of the current frightens them, and their weak faith is scarcely more than equal to the powerful forces they battle with. Still, they are turned the right way, and they will develop faith and power as they advance. The rest I will tell you about later on."

Just then I noticed a woman, pale, tired, and worn, with a great ardent love shining through the windows of her soul, and a strange, bright light reflected from her face, so I had to shut my eyes to see. She held very tenderly, with one arm, a wounded sister, while with the other she sought her way calmly against the mad turbulent stream.

Just then a party of monstrosities—half devil, half beast—came floating down the stream and flung themselves against the woman's course, as if determined to sweep one or both down stream with them. I trembled, but she kept on, and I heard her mutter through set teeth, "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death I will fear no evil," while a look of calm, sweet trust beamed in her eyes, and the mad mob met them and buffeted them, and they sank beneath the surface, wounded, weak, and faint, yet still facing the downward sweep and breathing the powerful current.

After a little I saw her rise to the surface again, and I could not bear to look at the woman's face, it was so beautiful and shone with such intense brightness. I turned to the crowd at my side and muttered through my tears, "Noble soul, through opposition rise from disaster and defeat the stronger!" And when I looked again I marvelled greatly, for the woman was still pressing on, still holding her wounded sister, and "her strength was as the strength of ten."

### Perfect Love.

I said, "What is this?" and the angel replied, "It is the perfect love. No power can withstand it. She does not feel the drag of the waters now. She will pass the fleetest of Fleetin' Swimmers. Sometimes the last are first, and the first may be last."

"But what of those who drift so easily down with the tide?" I asked.

"Look and see," he answered, and he touched my eyes. Immediately I seemed to possess an intensity of vision, somewhat like the power of the X rays. Matter became transparent, like glass, and the soul was revealed to me. They were not like human beings at all. They resembled the lower order of the brute creation. Some were like foxes, others like wolves. Some again had the form of swine, and hyenas. A great many had the appearance of vampires and vamps, all had the shape or bent of birds of prey. I questioned my companion concerning the reason, and he replied:

"Exactly as the dead refuse is carried down to the sea by the current of humanity streams, so the dead waste of humanity floats down the stream of time. There is one difference. The human brute, rich or poor, wise or simple, must be changed. Christ died for him. He may turn from his wickedness and live, and in the power of Divine life he may stem life's current and reach an eternity of love."—K.

### Who Follows in His Train?

The Son of God goes forth to war, A kingly crown to gain;  
His blood-red banner streams afar:  
Who follows in his train?

Who best can drink his cup of woe,  
Triumphant over pain,  
Who patient bears His cross below,  
He follows in His train.

The martyr first, whose eagle eye  
Could pierce beyond the grave,  
Who saw His Master in the sky,  
And called him on to save;

Like him, with pardon on his tongue,  
In midst of mortal pain,  
He prayed for them that did the wrong:  
Who follows in his train?

A glorious band, the chosen few,  
On whom the Spirit came,  
Twelve valiant saviors, their hope they knew,  
And mocked the cross and flame.

They climbed the steep ascent to heaven,  
Through perils, toll, and pain;  
O God, to us may grace be given  
To follow in their train.

Reginald Heber.



# My Journal.

By THE GENERAL.

## Gratifying Results.

Monday, 6th.

Said farewell to Berlin with real reluctance. It has been one of the most remarkable Campaigns in my life. In seven days I held ten Public and three Officers' Meetings. At the former we had 360 at the Mercy-Seat, 220 of whom were people who had never been to the Penitent-Form before—may, the majority had never before attended a Salvation Army meeting. Of the rest, some were confessed Backsliders, while others came out for a clean heart, or to offer themselves for officership.

These results I look upon as very gratifying. Verily, verily, God is good, and all the glory belongs to Him. I must praise Him more, and look and live for still greater things.

The journey from Berlin to Flushing is ordinarily a very fatiguing one. Lasting twelve hours; and, although done this time under favorable circumstances, I was no little weary when I boarded the Steamer near upon midnight. Had a quiet passage, and reached London the next morning at nine o'clock.

Tuesday, 7th.

Finished Article, entitled, "All about the Local Officers," for the Magazine devoted to the interests of that important body of officers. I wonder how far the Local Officers read this new Magazine, and further, I wonder how far he has profited by it? So impressed am I with his importance that I am determined to do all I can to make his own Journal instructive, inspiring, and useful. The best the Locals can do in return will be to read it.

About the last thing today is the arrival of a cable from Australia stating that their Self-Denial Week had realized the magnificent sum of £27,100, and a magnificent success. It is considering that it comes from a population of under five Millions, not more than an eighth of that of the British Isles. Well done, Australia, and well done, Commandant, and well done, every Officer, Soldier and Friend concerned! This is another link in the chain that binds you to my heart, for it means more help for the perishing Millions of the Heathen World.

## Week-End at Swindon.

Saturday, 11th.

I must away again. Life seems all too short for the demands of the business that devolves on my shoulders. The labor of "passing the time away," which some people find so difficult, is all unknown to me. My difficulty is to get the work into the hours allotted me. 2 p.m.—Swindon is my destination today. Come of my readers will remember my visit to this town fifteen months ago, and, remembering it, will wonder why I have gone back again so soon when their places are passed by. So I had better say, by way of explanation, that some change in my Continental Campaign having left this particular Sabbath unoccupied, and not being willing to be idle, I allowed them to put Swindon in at the last minute.

7 o'clock. Local Officers. About 120 present. Would have looked well if fully half of them had not been out of Uniform. That was a pity. Still, I felt as though they had the ring of good metal. I tried to cheer, encourage and stimulate them, by pushing them up, among other things, to the realization that they were Officers indeed and of a truth, and that they therefore ought to qualify themselves for the mighty work that lay before them.

7.45—Soldiers' Meeting in the comfortable Barracks, which would have been excellently adapted for the gathering if we could only have had a reasonable allowance of fresh air. Oh! Architects, Architects, how many fathers (useful and otherwise) have you hurried into eternity by the filthy, poisonous gases you have compelled them to inhale while giving out the thoughts that breathe, and the words that burn, or such as they think do so!

The audience—strictly confined, they told me, to Soldiers and Ex-soldiers—was mostly men, and would have been most impressive if they had only been properly dressed—that is, in Salvation Clothes.

of no concern? If such a reader does say such a thing he talks nonsense, and talks contrary to the practice of all human kind. Is there a man or a woman on the face of the earth to-day who does not stop to consider what kind of clothes he will put on—that is, if he has any choice in the matter—and that in view of the impression he will be likely to make thereby, for good or ill, on the little world around him.

What would a King be without his Royal Apparel, a Judge without his Gown and Wig, a Queen's Soldier without his Uniform, or a Policeman without his Helmet? Not that the Royal Apparel makes the King, the Gown and Wig the Judge, the Uniform the Soldier, or the Helmet the Policeman. But they signify—that is, they proclaim—their respective Offices to all beholders.

Just so, every Salvationist should not only be known, but should publish his Master and his Master's Salvation by his dress. I would have the house in which he lived published as a House of Mercy by a Flag by day and a coloured lamp by night. So should the said Salvationist appear truly as a candle in a candlestick, a city set on a hill.

I think we did something to-night that ought to revive the love for the dear old Uniform, and to increase the little courage necessary for the wearing of it; anyway, I know of one dear Local who looked up her bonnet, and came out looking ten years younger in it the next afternoon. Oh, Swindon, you must mend your ways on this matter of Clothes!

But to return. The Saturday Night's meeting grew in faith and hope and feeling as we went along, and finished up with seventeen at the Mercy-Seat, some of them long-time Wanderers from the Fold.

## In the Theatre.

Sunday.

The Queen's Theatre is a charming place for talking. If I could always have such buildings for my exercises it would add years to my life. Talking today, so far as the physical exertion is concerned, has been a real joy, although I have not been in the highest of spirits.

The audiences were good. In the afternoon the Orderlies at the doors said:

Do any of my readers say that Clothes are an unimportant matter, that if your heart be right the raiment is a matter

the people turned away would have filled the place over again, while at night we were fuller than ever.

The congregations were what I like, inasmuch as they were fairly representative of all classes. We had the Respectables in the Select Seats, and the Working-men by the hundreds. We had Publicans and their Customers—drunk and sober. We had people who sit in Galleries, Pitt and Boxes on the week-night, and the Performers who acted on the stage for their amusement, most of the Company who had been acting "The Bells of New York," being present.

No crowds ever listened to my voice much more attentively, solemnly, and with more apparent thoughtfulness, and, as the result, conviction seemed to be everywhere. But the responses were not what I hoped for. Still, it was a matter for praise and thanksgiving to God. Some of my comrades look at the whole effort as a glorious triumph, considering that they had only five days in which to make the visit known to the Public. Perhaps I am more difficult to satisfy; anyway, I hope that Major Cox, who is continuing the meetings, will reap some fruit for which I have sown the seed.

Here are some interesting papers setting forth the results of the two visits:

## Fifteen Months Ago

there were 70 at the Mercy-Seat, of which there were added—

20 Soldiers to No. 1 Corps.

5 to No. 11.

6 to No. 111.

15, at least, to surrounding Corps.

That is, 40 out of 70.

While at No. 1 Corps the fund was revived, newly Uniformed, and, generally speaking, made over again, and right earnestly and capably they helped me yesterday.

## Visit Just Closed.

No. at Penitent-Form—

Men ..... 35

Women ... 30

Total ... 74

Of these there were seekers of—

Salvation ... 33

Holiness ... 14

Backsliders ... 7

Total ..... 74

Of these, 45 promised to become Soldiers, and put on ribbon on the spot.

Where did they come from?—

35 attend the barracks.

25 Church and Chapel.

14 Nowhere.

## War on a Salvationist.

### A Disgraceful Scene in Quebec.

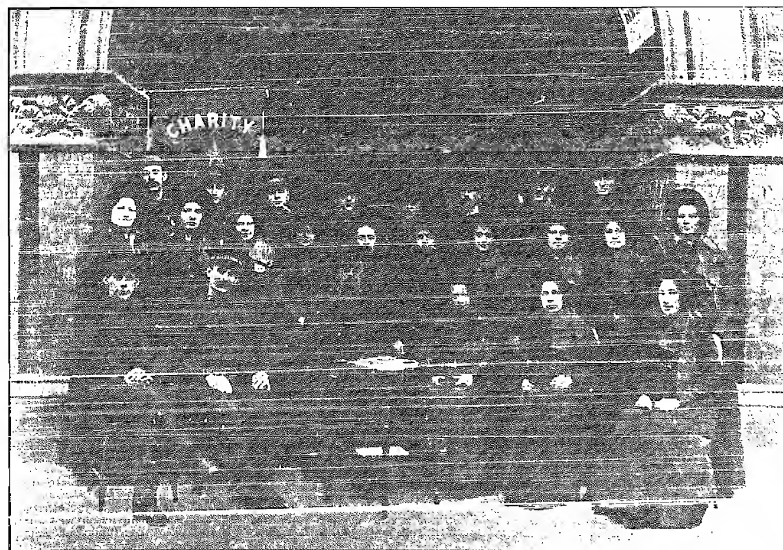
(From the Montreal Witness.)

Quebec, Nov. 25.—With saddest gusto, several of the French papers here last evening report in the following terms a disgraceful incident that occurred on Thursday night last in St. Roch's. There was quite a commotion at 8.30 last night at the foot of Cote d'Abraham, where a crowd of several hundred people had collected. After enquiry, it was learned that the whole rumpus was over one of the Salvation Army girls—there was a great festivity at the barracks on Thursday night—who had taken the liberty of making an incursion into St. Roch's, the most French-Canadian part of the city, in order to evangelize the people there, and to lend after her to the Army's headquarters, on Palace Hill, all who might be seduced by her fine words. Unhappily, our people, who do not hanker after such appeals to hypocrisy, took a different view of the matter and the neophyte was forced to take refuge in a store in order to escape from the crowd, who threatened to make it unpleasant for her, to say the least. After waiting a good hour, as the Salvation Army body was not in a hurry to make her reappearance, the witnesses of this woman-kind dwindled away little by little, and the cause of all the trouble finally made her escape on a street car. Here is one, assuredly, who will remember her visit to St. Roch's.

Quebec, Nov. 25.—The "Solid," the French Liberal organ here, has the unfitness to refer to the disgraceful attack in the following terms, which do it infinite credit: "Frankly, we cannot understand how our population, usually so intelligent, can allow themselves to commit such acts as those which we witnessed lately. A poor woman belonging to a sect of some kind was passing through the street in the costume of her order. Some blackguards commenced to insult her; it did not need more to collect a crowd and we do not know what might have happened had not a French-Canadian citizen had the kindness to give her shelter in his house. We might relate other details which have come to our knowledge, but in regard to which we deem silence the best course for the presence."

(We touch our hat to "Solid."—Ed.)

If that does good, having the unholy power to do evil, deserves, and only praiseworthy for the good which he performs, but for the evil which he forbears.—Sir W. Scott.



Cadets in Training at the Toronto Carillons.  
Capt. Wyland and Staff-Capt. Archibald,  
Men's Training Garrison. Colonel Jacobs,  
Chief Secretary. Mrs. Staff-Capt. Stenson,  
Training Secretary.

(See Cadet's Corner, p. 4.)

Adj. DesBrisay and Capt. Stephens,  
Women's Training Garrison.

# THE WAR CRY.

## WITH THE TERRITORIAL SECRETARY TO THE PACIFIC COAST.

**A Hearty Welcome Extended to Lieut.-Col. Margetts by the Pacific Province.**

**NELSON, ROSSLAND AND SPOKANE MEETINGS.**

**By STAFF-CAPT. GAGE.**

On account of the rush of work in connection with his farewell, the Brigadier was unable to leave Portland with Mrs. Gage, to have the privilege of meeting the Colonel at Nelson, and extending to him a right, royal, hearty welcome to the West. Time was so short that it seemed as though we were to talk over old times, when we were reminded it was time for the march and open-air. The soldiers and bandmen turned out well, and we had a good, rousing open-air, with some good, straight, hard hitting, which I am sure will bring about some practical results. The meeting inside was well attended, and when the soldiers and friends were asked to show their appreciation of the Colonel's presence they did so in a proper old-fashioned style, and fairly raised the roof with their volleys. The meeting was a good one and went with a swing. The Colonel's address was the words of life, and gave freely in the collection. The meeting inside was an ideal one.

### The Colonel's Singing

was enjoyed by all present, and his address was inspiring and convincing, the soldiers and Christians were cheered and encouraged, and the sinners and backsliders were roused from their slumbers. Some five or six held up their hands expressing their desire to be saved and three came to Jesus and sought pardon and forgiveness for their sins. The crowd remained until the close of the meeting, many of them being deeply convicted. Everybody enjoyed the Colonel's visit immensely, and a hearty welcome awaits him on his next visit to the Kootenai.

### Roseland.

Saturday morning, bright and early, we boarded the train for Roseland, and were met at the station by several of the comrades who had been despatched by Capt. Haas to escort us to the quarters. Unfortunately, the weather was very much against the meeting; here, as it rained most of the time; but in spite of the rain and mud, which was in many places ankle-deep, good crowds attended the meetings. The soldiers and friends were delighted to meet the Colonel, and gave him a most enthusiastic welcome to Roseland. These comrades are a warm-hearted crowd, and know how to make a person feel at home. The meeting was a proper Saturday night free and easy indeed, everybody felt it was good to be there. The Colonel's address, which was filled with wit and humor, was enjoyed by all, and we closed feeling confident of a good time over Sunday.

7 o'clock a.m. found a good crowd gathered together for knee-drill; in fact, it was the best crowd we have seen at any knee-drill for a long time and put many of our larger corps to shame. We prayed and sang, and God gave His blessing, which stirred our appetites for something better.

The holiness meeting was well attended, and I should judge nearly every Salvationist in the town was present, and enjoyed the meeting immensely.

**Some Laughed and Some Cried,** while others shrank, and the Colonel's straight talk was profitable and inspiring to all. Two comrades came forward and dedicated their lives to God.

The afternoon open-air and meeting were good and all that could be desired. Some good, straight, hard hitting was done, and everybody present enjoyed the Colonel's latest song and address. The soldiers and Christians were blessed and

inspired, and the good advice given by the Colonel was appreciated, and will no doubt be acted upon.

The night meeting was well attended, the new barracks being filled. The Colonel was desperately in earnest and most anxious that something practical should be accomplished. His remarks, based on the words "Why sleepest thou?" referring to Jonah, were most convincing and aroused many a sleeping soul; tears flowed quite freely, the spirits of strong, brave-hearted men wilted, and a mighty conviction settled down on all the crowd.

The prayer meeting was a hard struggle; people seemed to set their faces against God and would not yield; however, one man surrendered and went out his heart at the Mercy Seat. The Colonel enjoyed his visit to the Kootenai very much, and the soldiers and friends enjoyed it still more, and all unanimously unite in saying, "Come again."

### Spokane.

After a long tedious journey we arrived in Spokane and were met at the station by the Brigadier, Adj. Alward, and other comrades. The Colonel's visit to Spokane has been looked forward to with great expectancy and had been well announced through the papers and by other means, and a great deal of enthusiasm had been aroused. Sharp at time, the officers and soldiers of the city marched to the open-air stand where a good crowd had gathered. Open-air went with a swing, and the crowd of men that had gathered seemed anxious and hungry for the bread of life. The barracks were filled with a splendid, appreciative crowd who knew how to enjoy a good thing. The meeting opened with a bang and everybody seemed prepared for a good time. After several of the officers had given a few words of welcome, the Brigadier, in his natural, genial way, introduced the Colonel, and voiced the sentiments of all present when he said, "We are right down glad to have the Colonel with us." After the preliminaries had been gone through with, the Colonel took hold and gave a very enjoyable and profitable talk indeed, which seemed to whet our appetites and set us all longing for something better.

Some officers having come in, Wednesday was spent in a nice little officers' meeting. The Colonel's addresses were much enjoyed and appreciated by all present, and the J. S. work received a good share of his attention. The open-air at night was well attended, and I think was the largest crowd of soldiers I have ever seen in Spokane. The comrades spoke well, and Bro. Jensen, a volunteer, who has

### Just Returned from Manila.

was given a most hearty and enthusiastic welcome; he poured some red-hot shot into the enemy's ranks. The barracks were well filled, and the Colonel gave a his best, his address on the "Great White Throne" was certainly a masterpiece, men and women sat spell-bound as if they were actually sitting in judgment. Mighty conviction reigned on the crowd while the red-hot burning truths were backed home to their hearts and consciences by the Holy Spirit. The meeting closed with a splendid red-hot prayer meeting and some souls seeking salvation.

Thursday night was simply a continuation of what we had had, the barracks again was packed to the doors with an anxious, appreciative crowd. The meeting opened with a swing, and many prayers from believing hearts went up to the throne on behalf of the crowd which had congregated. The Colonel's latest song took well, and reminded many a wandering boy of home and of mother's prayers. His address was principally to soldiers and Christians. It was a treat to every lover of the Lord Jesus. As the Colonel continued to unfold the beautiful truths many saw their weaknesses, and how much they had failed in the past. It was a real molting-up time, and proved a great help and blessing to our own people. The meeting closed with one soul seeking salvation. Everybody, apparently, who attended these meetings was pleased and delighted with the Colonel from beginning to end. Many expressed their regret at his not being able to stop longer; however, we can promise him a most hearty welcome to Spokane on his next tour West.

## With the Territorial Secretary In North Dakota.

The visit of the Territorial Secretary, Lieut.-Colonel Margetts, had already been a blessing in the Manitoba section of the Province, hence it was with mixed feelings of pleasure and expectation that I set out to meet him at Jamestown. The T. S. had had about two hours in bed before my arrival, and that was the extent of the night's rest; and about the same for several nights.

The Jamestown people are a jolly, hearty crowd, the barracks was full and the audience most appreciative and attentive, and responded generously to the appeal for the collection. The T. S. handled his subject splendidly, and the Holy Ghost sealed the effort, resulting in three coming forward.

Grand Forks for Saturday and Sunday, was the next feature. It was refreshing to meet with Essie Dean and Capt. Blodgett, it woke memories of many battles of the past. The neat, cosy quarters made us feel at least next door to home, and revived my drooping spirits (if not the F. S's) and aroused faith and expectation for the week-end's efforts.

The Colonel's addresses were thoughtful, keen, and penetrating, and much enjoyed, except by those who discovered on themselves a tight-fitting cap. One Saturday night, a few out in the bolting meeting Sunday morning, and three souls Sunday night were the spoils of the Grand Forks campaign.

At Fargo the meeting was a fine success in every way. This brought the T. S. to a close as far as the N.W. Province is concerned, but the influence of his visit will live long when he is far away from us.

Personally, I enjoyed his meetings and visit very much, and the Lieut.-Colonel can look forward to a hearty welcome when he comes this way again. —J. F. S.

## Carman Corps Formed.

**Major Southall Presents Colors and Enrolls Recruits.**

Carman, a town of about two thousand people, was attacked by two Salvation Army lassies—Capt. Dwyer and Lieut. E. Casiter—on September 30th, and it was only firing that the new Provincial Officer, Major Southall, should be on hand to present the colors to the young corps. On Saturday, Nov. 25th, the Major, accompanied by Adj. Cass, made his first appearance in the beautiful and growing town, which has just been incorporated as such, and will elect its first Mayor this year.

At 7:30 we started for the open-air stand, three-quarters of a mile away, down the middle of the street, which was very rough, and there being no street lights, it was rather dark, and stumbling were frequent. We retraced safely to the barracks, however, found the place full, and had a beautiful meeting. Major Southall presented the colors. One little boy volunteered for salvation, and gave a definite testimony of having found it.

Sunday, 7 a.m., inspiring knee-drill. Sunday, 11 a.m., had a beautiful time. God, the Holy Ghost, was present in power and spoke through the Major. Two out for the blessing of a clean heart.

At 3 p.m. the place was crowded. A good testimony meeting. The Major's address was well received, and we would not be surprised if his plan for a steer for the Christmas dinner for 1,000 poor people of Winnipeg, would be entertained by some of our rich and friendly farmers around Carman.

### Twelve Soldiers were Enrolled

and the corps was organized with men and women of a good stamp.

In the night meeting the place was jammed, about 100 people were turned away. The meeting throughout was one of deep spiritual influence, and though the atmosphere was depressing, the audience bore with rapt attention to all that was said. The Major's sentences went as cold steel in the hearts of many present, and conviction was manifest on many faces. When he got through speaking, owing to the great crowd of people and the incoherence of the rain, the results were not as great as we expected, but who can tell what amount of good will spring from that meeting.—Bon four.



**"My Canadian Christmas Chronology"**  
By LIEUT.-COLONEL MARGETTS,  
IN THE XMAS WAR CRY.

## Cadet's Corner.

The Cadets are not often heard of through the pages of the War Cry, but, nevertheless, where they fight, on various parts of the battlefield, there is every evidence of life, activity, and triumph.

—♦—

We have at the present time about fifty in training, twenty of whom are Garrisoned in Toronto. Two "Probationers" were appointed to the Field a few days ago from the women's T. G.

—♦—

The last lecture they were privileged to attend was given by the Chief Secretary. Needless to say, whenever the Colonel can spare an hour of his valuable time to meet the Cadets in council, he gets a very cordial welcome and his words are deeply appreciated by one and all.

—♦—

The Men's Garrison has been transferred from Richmond St. to the Temple. They are now comfortably settled in the George St. Home, under the supervision of Staff-Capt. Archibald. They are a Godly, happy, and energetic band, and should do real good service for the Kingdom.

—♦—

The Staff-Captain loves his boys and the Temple soldiers are rightly proud of them. The result of their canvassing for S.-D. was a proof that they are not afraid of hard work, and that they possess a great essential—TACT.

—♦—

The women, under Adj. DesBrisay, are marching on and give good promise for future warfare.

—♦—

We deeply regret that Cadet Florence Kinton has had to return home owing to ill-health. The short time she was in the Garrison, she endeavored herself to all by her spiritual life. She has left us, but we shall not forget her, our prayers will follow her. Deeply as she would have loved to have stood at the battle's front and "fought a good fight," she is beautifully resigned, and we believe, even as a soldier, her life will be an inspiration and her influence far-reaching.

—♦—

The next Toronto Training Session for the men commences Feb. 2nd, 1900.

—♦—

Good news had from our Garrison leaders of Newfoundland, the Eastern and Western Provinces, respecting the progress of the future officers—Carrie Stanyon, Training Secretary.

—♦—

He that is good will infinitely become better, and he that is bad will certainly become worse, for vice, virtue, and time are three things that never stand still—Lacan.

It does not seem unwarranted or presumptuous to say, that as in man the immortal intelligence transcends unappealably the organism, so in Nature itself, the Immortal Intelligence, ever looking out upon us, giving us deeper insight into the meanings of the past ages, nations, temperaments, conditions; has not only been the highest pattern of virtue but the highest incentive to its practice.—Lucky.

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BY C  
Territorial I  
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The other night of a parade scene like to commence the view of show our position just the stern reality war.

The Reserves been called out, district section of station on Saturday the front. Among young comrades from the Royal and had become respected local assembled at the bye was one of hers, whose father a section of the said to be through to which this has completely a possibility that may find a lodger this very commended, and great sympathy Army, and a y gave up his own ranks.

But I may n

An Eve

of the present own comrades, decreed for the and Orange F'n a number of soldiers, in addition fathers and brothers. Facing the floor side are own comrades, a group of the League, who, soldiers, and the Queen, are British supremacies. Such are the these comrades British, deserve and most earnestly understood, the South Africa combatants action Army, who or friends, help communities.

Working

under the door salvation cause any, display of so strongly may side our own

The Southey, reaping any of so many grades in Cape splendid meeting. Metropolitan and the Eastern District, East Loth and Or soldiers her of step in the r now well in our Northern is by no means being practical, beginning poverty. They lied upon to comrades, and General Baskin Mayor's Relief body now act distress, our to champion of his troops I feel sure, tion of every

A to tend the v and the N officers have that before the Cry, the Sal represented n courting the British—and duties which



## SOUTH AFRICA.

## SOME BAD FEATURES OF THE WAR.

BY OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT AT CAPE TOWN.

Territorial Headquarters,  
Cape Town,  
October 24th, 1899.

The other night I was an eye-witness of a pathetic scene, with which I would like to commence this week's letter, with the view of showing how unfortunate is our position just now, consequent upon the stern realities and necessities of war.

The Reserves in the Colony had just been called out, and the Cape Town and district section assembled at the railway station on Saturday night, on the way to the front. Among the company was a young comrade who, since his discharge from the Royal Rifles, had closely identified himself with the Cape Town I. corps, and had become a diligent and much-respected Local Officer. With those who assembled at the station to bid him adieu was one of our female Reserve officers, whose father is the commander of a section of the Free States Boers, now said to be threatening the very district to which this young Salvation Army soldier was being sent; and there is a possibility that a bullet from his rifle may find a lodging-place in the body of this very commander to whom we have referred, and who, at the least, is a genuine sympathizer with the Salvation Army, and a year or two ago willingly gave up his daughter for service in its ranks.

But I may mention

## An Even Worse Feature

of the present struggle as it affects our own comrades. Among those commended for the front by the Transvaal and Orange Free State Governments are a number of our South African Dutch soldiers, in addition to not a few of the fathers and brothers of our Field Officers. Facing these combatants on the Boer side are quite a number of our own comrades, including a strong contingent of the Naval and Military League, who, in charge of their duty as soldiers, and sailors, and volunteers of the Queen, are compulsorily fighting for British supremacy.

Such are the evils of war. Truly these comrades of ours, both Boer and British, deserve our warmest sympathy and most earnest prayers. Let it be understood, however, that throughout the South African Territory, all non-combatants associated with the Salvation Army, whether as officers, soldiers, or friends, belonging to the two great communities, Dutch and British, are

## Working in Perfect Harmony

under the dear old Flag for the one great salvation cause, and there is little, if any, display of that bitter racial feeling so strongly manifested just now outside our own ranks.

The Southern Province is, undoubtedly, reaping great benefit from the presence of so many of our Northern comrades in Cape Colony just now, and splendid meetings are being held in the Metropoles and the principal centres of the Eastern Division, such as Port Elizabeth, East London, etc. The establishment of a special Bureau for the Transvaal and Orange Free State refugee soldiers has certainly proved to be a step in the right direction, and we are now well in touch with the majority of our Northern comrades, whose position is by no means an enviable one, many being practically homeless, and some, we fear, beginning to feel the pinch of poverty. The Commissioner may be relied upon to do his utmost for these comrades, and, as a member of the General Executive Committee, the Mayor's Relief Fund, a most influential body now actively engaged in alleviating distress, our leader may be relied upon to champion the best interests of those of his troops who may deserve, and will I feel sure, receive, the deep commiseration of every British comrade.

## A Call for Women

to tend the wounded having been made along the Natal border. Some of our officers have volunteered, and it is hoped that before this reaches the British War Cry, the Salvation Army will be well represented at the battle's front, succouring the wounded—both Boer and British—and performing those spiritual duties which are the pride and pleasure

of every devoted warrior of the Cross under every circumstance.

Hitherto extraordinary restrictions have stood in our way, and unexpected difficulties have arisen in the Transvaal and in the Orange Free State in our efforts to get well to the front. Previous to the declaration of war an understanding was arrived at with the Transvaal authorities for the stay of Major and Mrs. Swain (the Northern P. O's) and their officers at Johannesburg and Pretoria during hostilities, and it was hoped that ultimately an opportunity would be afforded the Salvation Army of being well represented among the Dutch forces by some of our Afrikaander F. O's.

At the last moment, however, the authorities deemed it necessary to refuse permits to all British subjects, including Salvation Army officers and ministers of every denomination. True, there are one or two Afrikaander comrades still remaining on the Rand, and in the Orange Free State, notably Adjutant Ferreira, the

## Big, Burly Salvation Boer

who was one of the principal figures in the 1896 Exhibition in London, and his name also an Adjutant, and until recently in charge of our pioneer work in the Orange Free State, who are, it is understood, commandeered for the nonce; but, as faithful Salvation Army officers, they must be depended upon to do their utmost for the cause of Christ under the peculiar circumstance in which they have been suddenly placed.

Up to the time of writing no news has been received from our officers now isolated at Kimberley, and although their present delicate position gives us cause for some anxiety, yet we have confidence in the Great God of our salvation, and are persuaded that they are not only safe under His care and keeping, but are still doing all they can, even in hunger, in dealing with the men and women around them upon the vital matter of their souls' eternal interests.

I am sending you an interesting little article dealing with the subject of war, from the pen of Capt. Quartermaster, one of the English twenty, who came out to Africa nearly three years ago, and who has recently arrived in Cape Town with Lieut. Ellice Stevens, from Mafeking, now being severely threatened by the Boers.

It is not the fault of these ladies that they are not still in Mafeking. They were anxious to remain, but the authorities insisted upon their hasty departure. G. Stevens.

Frederickton District  
RECONNOITERINGS

By ADJUT. MCGILLIVRAY.

The Commissioner's visit has been a glorious success, and at each place a mark was made for God and our Army. Soldiers, friends, and public cheered and delighted with our leader's burning words.

We are now pushing the S.-D. to glorious victory. We have already heard of good news. Capt. Goodwin, of Calais, Me., sent in her target of \$70 four days before the Senior effort closed, and did most all the collecting without her Lieutenant, who was called home on account of the illness of her mother. The Captain is full of praise for the way the soldiers took hold of the effort. Well done, Calais.

St. Stephen can always do a good thing when they say so, and in the S.-D. they seemed to have all said, "It shall be done." Capt. Lawrie, of Winchester have full faith for a grand victory.

Lieutenant, Mr. Captain Pittman and Lieut. Vincent are at the helm somewhat fearful as to their S.-D. results. On no count so many away for the winter the work is somewhat uphill, but the meetings are fairly well attended and a few wanderers have returned. For this we praise God and take courage.



Capt. Goodwin, of Calais, Me.

Woodstock has also had a visit from our beloved Commissioner, and prospects are good for our S.-D. triumph. A few souls of late. Ensign and Mrs. Knight are rejoicing over the arrival of a bonnie baby girl-cadet. Mother and baby doing well. Miss Freida is an earnest Young Soldier helper. Our Army is rising.

North Head. Capt. Armstrong and Lieut. Tatem are pushing the war here in "Petrae." They have difficulties, but God will carry them through, while they keep a strong arm things should go ahead.

Frederickton. We are striving hard to prove the old adage, "What man has done, man can do." Our S.-D. was put through very short-handed from other years. I will ask my kind friends to watch the "special mention column," and you will see what has been done. Mrs. McGillivray and Sergeant Gregory have surpassed all previous collecting for special efforts in the business part of this city. They have every good thing to say of the business men of the city. Kindness and courtesy on every hand, and very, very few exceptions. They have worked hard and feel tired, but smiling over their grand victory. They visited the "Alley" and were kindly received. We are holding open-air there and have had invitations back again.

## MEMORIAM.

I have, in closing, to report a sore bereavement which has befallen one of our most faithful soldier's family. Convert Sergt.-Major R. Logan and wife have had to say again, in the parting with another son, and a promising young man, "Thy will be done." Sickness overtook him very suddenly and an operation was deemed necessary, after which he took another ailment, which took his strength rapidly from him and he passed away.

The funeral was very large. The band and corps marched to the grave. An impressive service was held. At the memorial service the two brothers, George and Reinhold, returned to the fold; also the latter's young wife kneel by his side. This was a touching scene. The father and the Corp. Sergt.-Major Herbert Logan, spoke very feelingly of Newton's death. He sought and found pardon at the cross of the world's Redeemer. Our deepest sympathy and prayers go out to the bereaved.

## DRAWING NEAR.

Nearer, yes, we felt it not.

"Mid the rushing and the strife,  
As we mourned our changeling lot,  
Tolled beneath our shadowed lot,  
By each step our worn feet trod,  
We were drawing nearer God.

In those days of bitter woe,  
When we saw their smile no more,  
When our hearts were bleeding slow,  
Stricken, stricken, oh, low here!  
While we lay beneath the rod  
We were nearer to our God.

When upon our lifted eye,  
Gleamed a vision of our Home,  
When we saw the glory high,  
Flooding all that spotless dome:  
In that hour of raptured sight,  
Pressed we nearer our delight.

Through the long and vanished years,  
Shrouded with their mistle tears,  
We were pressing to our rest,  
Temporized and current-driven,  
Ever drawing nearer heaven.

## Anniversary of "Liberty Home," Spokane.

Brigadier Mrs. Read's Visit.

Spokane has had a visit from the Woman's Social Secretary. The Woman's Social Work has received a fresh impetus, officers' hearts have been gladdened, soldiers have been inspired, Christians blessed, and sinners saved.

Thursday night was a welcome meeting to the Brigadier, when a fine crowd turned out to greet her. Welcome speeches were made by some of the city officers—Ensign Bloss, on behalf of the Provincial Staff; Adj. Langtry, of the Rescue; Adj. Babbington, for the Corps; Mrs. Staff-Capt. Gage, for the women officers, and Mrs. Adj. Alward, for the Men's Staff Work (while the Adjutant kept the baby in good humor). Staff-Capt. Gage made the final address of welcome to the Brigadier on behalf of the whole Province. Mrs. Read replied in her usual eloquent manner and was listened to with very much interest, as she told of the way God was helping them in her Department.

Friday was announced as the Social meeting of the series, which was held in the Vincent Methodist Church, and presided over by ex-Mayor Dr. Olmsted. It was a very wet, muddy night, but the Blood-and-Fire corps of Spokane turned out for a grand march, and, upon arriving at the church at 8 o'clock, where a fine crowd had assembled. Staff-Capt. Gage lined out the first song from those splendid song books that Mrs. Read has with her, and prayer was offered, after which Dr. Olmsted said how pleased he was to be present to introduce the Brigadier. The Brigadier then told how pleased she was once more to have the privilege of visiting Spokane, and kept us interested for over an hour telling of the need of the Woman's work, and the glorious victories gained, until tears flowed freely. Then Mother Langtry, in her warm-hearted manner, told of the glorious opportunity the work offered, until there was hardly a dry eye in the room. At this time Dr. Olmsted got up and could not help saying again how glad he was to be present and hoped all would give liberally in the collection, himself promising a cheque next day, and said he would give all the cash he had, and walk home instead of taking the car. Everybody went away feeling glad that they had come to this (so far) the most blessed meeting of the series.

Saturday night, after a fine open-air in the mud, ankle deep, in which the Spokane soldiers seemed to delight, another blessed meeting was held in the barracks, at the close of which one poor fellow came out to the penitent form, but instead of kneeling down, stretched himself out all fours on it, evidently feeling the need of a bed for the night. The poor fellow did not understand. However, another one came out for salvation.

Sunday it was still wet and muddy, but a nice crowd turned out for knicker drill, and a fine crowd for the holiness meeting, where Mrs. Read took the text, "Render unto Caesar the things which are Caesar's," etc., and spoke with telling effect, but none would yield, although Staff-Capt. Gage earnestly urged them to.

In the afternoon the League of Mercy was commissioned, which consisted of Adj. and Mrs. Dodd, Adj. and Mrs. Alward, Ensigns Moss and Bloss, and Capt. Thoen, with Mrs. Moss in charge. Mrs. Read then spoke of the work of the League, the crowd being greatly interested.

Night was the crowning time, the Brigadier speaking from the 1st Psalm, handling her subject well, the crowded hall seemingly all taken up with her words, and when we went into the prayer meeting there was hardly a vacant seat, notwithstanding many leaving. It was a hard fight: at last one man yielded, followed by three others, and by the time the last note of liberty it was a few moments to twelve. No wonder Mrs. Read said she felt loth to leave Spokane. Come again, Brigadier.—"On who was there."

## Do You SING or Play an INSTRUMENT?

Then you will find "THE PAST," a very fine piece of Music by MISS BOOTH, and beautiful words for singing, in the Christmas War Cry.



Indian Christmas Chronology,"  
Lieut.-Colonel Marcet's,  
XMAS WAR CRY.

## det's Corner.

ets are not often heard of  
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ife, activity, and triumph.

At the present time about fifty  
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ic women's P. G.

lecture they were privileged  
was given by the Chief Sec-  
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to meet the Cadets in council.  
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's Garrison has been trans-  
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St. Home, under the super-  
staff-Capt. Archibald. They  
happy, and energetic band,  
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's Garrison loves his boys and  
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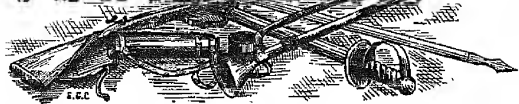
Toronto Training Sessions  
commence Feb. 2nd, 1900.

hall from our Garrison  
ground, the Eastern  
Provinces, respecting the  
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# AMMUNITION



Weekly Watchword:

—Knowledge.

"Unite meekness with wisdom. Wisdom is mighty, meekness is mighty, but the meekness of wisdom is almighty."

## DAILY TONIC.

### SUNDAY.

Knowledge, the Gift of God.—Ecc. ii. 26.

Wisdom is first and last the endowment of God. While man may apply his mind to the study of the mysteries of the Highest, the actual revelation must ever and always come from above. Heavenly wisdom is a gift that God is anxious to bestow upon all His children. Ignorance is no excuse in His eyes when knowledge was attainable.

### MONDAY.

The Value of Knowledge.—Prov. i. 4-7.

Knowledge is only despised by fools. The power which understanding lends is not to be held lightly by the soldier of the Cross. The skill with which he wields his heavenly weapons and the success which he achieves will be largely in proportion to the wisdom which controls his actions. Foolish heads make weak fighters.

### TUESDAY.

Knowledge Sought.—II. Peter i. 5.

No learning of value is received by the lazy soul. If the mind is to be enlightened by the radiance of heavenly knowledge the mind must concentrate itself upon the things of God. If the heart is to be made quick and sensitive by that spiritual understanding which is the sign of a spirit in union with the Cross, the heart must be continually communing with the source of all Wisdom and Grace.

### WEDNESDAY.

The Responsibility of Knowledge.—Jas. iv. 17.

The possession of this wonderful gift brings down upon the head a degree of heavy responsibility. To know the will of God should always be to do it. To those whom God has enlightened will He look to see the fulfillment of His purposes in their lives and service for the salvation of the world.

### THURSDAY.

The Abuse of Knowledge.—Rom. i. 21-22.

Knowledge abused turns any soul's great blessing into that soul's great curse. To possess the knowledge which shows the way to heaven, and yet to an disregard it as to take the downward track is a sin which brings heavy consequences and eternal in its train.

### FRIDAY.

A Want of Knowledge.—Hosea iv. 6.

Lack of wisdom gives the key to a great many of the failures in the Kingdom of God to-day. Men get into spiritual mudholes and make terrible mistakes in the dissonance of their life service, because they do not know, when God has given them every opportunity to acquire themselves with the instruction necessary to make the road to the skies a safe and successful one.

### SATURDAY.

The Imperfection of Human Knowledge.—I. Cor. i. 10.

Worldly wisdom is of no count in the Kingdom of God. It cannot lend direction in questions between right and

wrong, it cannot teach the conscience the essentials of Christianity, it cannot assist the soul to the knowledge of its Creator. The child of God should seek the quickening of the Holy Ghost upon his intellect, which will make him wise in things essential and eternal.



## THE HEAVENLY CITY.

Rev. xxi. 1-16.

While we would discourage the sentimental dreamer who loses his sense of present-day responsibility in the anticipation of coming reward, we cannot gainsay the fact that a definite belief in an eternal Land of Promise is one of the most potent sources of courage, fortitude and joy which are vouchsafed to the child of God.

How many toll-worn feet have pressed on, encouraged by the promise of the rest which remains to the people of God. How many grief-clouded eyes have seen a radiance through their mist of sorrow shining from the land where "God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes." How many frames racked by the sufferer's anguish have found new strength to endure in the hope of that home where "there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain." How many homeless hearts, for Christ's sake separated from country and kindred, have had their loss made up to them in the thought of heavenly gain laid up in the mansions in the skies, to which they could read a title clear and where partings are unknown? How many soldiers of the Cross, facing tremendous odds of prejudice and sin, have felt new nerve to their fighting arm at the reminder of the realm of everlasting victory, where crowns won in strife are worn in glory.

But the heir of heaven should do something more than rejoice over the fact of the bright light which salvation has given him. He should prepare himself for his eternal citizenship. He will not wait to feel out of place in his celestial environment, therefore he should cultivate those gifts and graces which enrich him when the abilities of this world are at an end. What a long way off even the most unworshipful Christian is in the attainment of that wondrous possession, a heavenly mind, which enables him to see the spiritual before the earthly, and to weigh all temporal importances in the light of eternity.

Then, while duly valuing the things of the present in the "inducement" which all have more or less upon the things of the future, we should learn to always give the precedence in our considerations to those things which have definitely to do with the life beyond. Above all, let us see to it that we are no strangers to the power, peace, and fellowship of His Whose presence makes our Paradise here, and there.

"Oh, what are all my sufferings here, If Thou, Lord, count me just! With the captured host to appear, And worship at Thy feet? Give joy or grief, give ease or pain, Take life or friends away, I come to find them all, again, In that Eternal Day."

## Three-and-a-Half Years a Bandman.

FOR BANDSMEN ESPECIALLY.

It was a beautiful summer's evening when, accompanied by my eldest brother, I strolled down to the open-air stand where the soldiers and bandmen had gathered for the open-air meeting. It was very seldom that I was not found at the open-air on a Sunday evening. On this particular Sunday evening as I approached the open-air stand the band was playing. Although I had heard it many times before, it seemed that I had never heard it play so beautifully and with such feeling as they did that night. Oh, how it took hold of me, and as I looked around everything seemed so beautiful and bright, and as I listened to the music an intense desire took hold of me to be glad and to live to please God. I stood and listened. God spoke to my heart and showed me my position as never before.

### Keep Your Instruments Clean.

One thing in particular drew my attention, and that was one of the bandman's instruments, which was nicely polished, and listening to it, I felt that it was being played to attract sinners to think of things beyond this life. A great desire then ever came over me to be prayed for by God. I followed down to the barracks and took my seat near the centre of the building. The meeting went on, the word of God was read, the prayer meeting started, earnest invitations were given, warnings sent out to flee from the wrath which is to come. There I sat, God's Spirit dwelling with me, Satan using every means possible to hold me back, an awful battle was being fought, I was counting the cost, the struggle was to be ended in a very few minutes, as the last invitation was being given, the struggle came to an end. I resolved to forsake sin and live for God. The step meant lots of effort, but God helped me there and then. I rose to my feet, and when I had taken the first step He gave peace to my soul and hid me in His arms.

The desire to live good and to be useful increased, and I sought to know the way in which God wanted me to go, and when God revealed the way, and that was by the Salvation Army. I was enrolled as a soldier and shortly after was given an instrument by the bandmaster, and in the course of time was commissioned as a bandman. I felt it was my place and tried to make the best of it, always studying how to make the best of my privileges and opportunities, never forgetting how God had used the band and its music to bring me to Him. Many times the devil tempted me to think more of my instrument than the purpose for which I was playing, but at such times I looked away to Jesus, asking Him to help me play for His honor and glory.

I went on for two and a-half years as a bandman, when God honored me with the position of Band-Sergeant. Oh, how I felt my weakness, but I trusted in God, and He helped me by His never-failing grace to conquer every foe and to fight every battle, for there were many battles to fight, foes to conquer, and difficulties to face, but through them all He strengthened me. Praise be to His name!

I wanted to be useful for God only, and I believe He made me so, and when I felt the call of God to leave my loved ones, friends, and bandmate, whom I truly loved, and enter the Field, it meant a keen separation, but the greatest joy of my life was, as I shook their hands, I was able to look them in the face and feel that I had been faithful and done my duty as a bandman.

Many times since then, when fighting among strangers, I have thought of the beautiful days I spent as a bandman, and thought of the blessed opportunities presented to bandmen, I have found myself saying, if I had those privileges again, how much more I would make of them, and how much more faithful I would be.

I have to thank God for the band and music, which was the means of bringing me to Him. I would say to every bandman, be faithful, though you may see unthankfulness in others; do your duty, for you will be tempted many times to shirk it; and as God used the band of music to make me think, He will also use you, through your music, to bring sinners to the Cross, if played in the Spirit.—H. C. H.

## OUR WAR CRY

### XMAS REUNION

will contain a group of photos and messages from former Canadian officers now in various parts of the world, among them: Commissioner Cosmides, Commissioner Ross, Commandant and Mrs. H. H. Booth, Staff-Capt. T. H. Adams, Colonel Bailey, Brigadiers Scott, McIntyre, Adde, Marshall, Moss, Campbell, and Bennett; Major Banah, Cousins, Cox, Lindgate, Spooner, and Wood; Staff-Capt. Andrews, Leonard, McMillan, Miles, and Plant.

### Door-Keeping and Collections.

I'd rather be a door-keeper in the house of God, than dwell in the tents of wickedness, or I would rather be a door-keeper in the Salvation Army, with God's favor, than to have all the honors and riches of the world, without God's smile.

A good door-keeper, it seems to me, ought to have a good spiritual experience. He can accomplish more by kindness and gentleness, tempered with firmness, than by harshness and hostilities. Though it is possible to make mistakes when dealing with people, yet, praise God, if we lack wisdom and judgment, He will supply us such, if we seek diligently.

A good door-keeper is an important factor in the success of a meeting, by using all the wisdom he has to keep order, discipline, etc., and a door-keeper can be a great influence in dealing with sinners and encouraging Christians. But, on the other hand, if faithful to duty, he is apt to be misunderstood and criticized. So it requires, in my mind, more grace and patience at the door than on the platform. So a door-keeper needs your prayers and sympathy as he stands at the door of God's house.

With regard to collections at the door, a great misconception seems to be prevalent among many people. They don't seem to realize the need we are always in to keep the corps free from debt, and at times exhibit a very uncharitable spirit towards us. They seem to think that they know better how to finance the corps than the officers or treasurer, and say it is all money with us, and they thought "salvation is free," and we don't have to pay to get into heaven, and "Jesus paid it all," and "salvation is without money and without price." Praise God, salvation is free, and when it converts a soul, it converts the pocket as well. If a man or woman shuts up their bowels of compassion, how dwell on the love of God in their hearts? I think nothing but reasonable that people who frequent our barracks should be willing to assist us financially.

I have met with people at the door who deliberately have said that they were not going to give, although they had lots of money with them. These are the people who are doing a lot of talking about turning people away, when they really turn themselves away, by their own meanness. Well, truly, I do not believe these people deserve to have all the privileges that others have to pay for. It is quite different with people really have not the means, and would give if they had. The S. A. hires or pays for barracks, besides the expense of light, fuel, water, insurance, and other things too numerous to mention. We work for the good of the community, and to make it possible for every soul who seeks God with all their heart to get saved, and delivered from sin, and misery. Now, to do this successfully it means the co-operation of officers, soldiers, converts, saints, and sinners that come to our meetings.

May the Lord bless these few words, written without much preparation, by the help of God, to some hearts in love and sympathy for all mankind.—Treas. Cashin, Halifax I.

Consider that good and evil are now before you; that, if you do not heartily choose and love the one, you must undoubtedly be the wretched victim of the other.—Chanoine.

**MUSIC, Color, Pictures, Poetry, Stories, Anecdotes, Articles, Songs, Christmas Messages, Smiles and Tears—all in the Xmas War Cry—Ten Cents per Copy.**



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## Have you ordered your copy of the XMAS WAR CRY?

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### Montana State Rescue Home Successfully Opened.

Women's Social Secretary Invited to Address  
the Ministerial Association—Unanimous  
Endorsement of the Work.

The announcement that Mrs. Brigadier Read would visit Butte to open a Rescue Home was received by the soldiers and friends with pleasure and expectation for a blessed time. We did all we possibly could to make the Brigadier's visit a success, and we were not disappointed. We expected the Brigadier on Saturday morning, but the train was a little late, and with the train arrived our very welcome visitor. On Saturday night the hall was packed with an appreciative audience, and Mrs. Read was given a real Butte welcome. One or two courteous epistles and Bro. French soloed the popular song, "Jesus knows all about your struggles." Mrs. Read's Rescue Song Books sold like hot cakes, and everybody joined heartily in the chorus. The collection was good, and then the Brigadier read to us from Father's book. Mrs. Read spoke in her usual earnest and impressive manner, her words were full of force and power and made every soul in the hall feel that there was no joy like the joy of knowing sins forgiven. The knec-dill was a grand start for the day's fight.

The full meeting at 10 a.m., led by the Brigadier, was a rich treat. How the dear prisoners listened with rapt attention, and drank in every word, and promised to read the Testaments that the Brigadier brought for them.

The Juniors then came in turn for a short address from the Brigadier.

#### Jesus or Caesar.

In the holiness meeting how our hearts were melted by the touching way in which Mrs. Read pictured Jesus and Caesar, and as one heart we promised to more than ever go forward to live out the beautiful example of our Lord and Master Jesus Christ.

The afternoon meeting was in the Auditorium, where a very nice crowd enjoyed the meeting; the Flag of Hope was raised to view, and the League of Mercy commissioned to go forward and carry out the work described. At night the auditorium was packed, and eternity alone must reveal the work done.

Mrs. Read was invited to address the meeting of the Ministerial Association on Monday morning. She outlined the work to be taken up by the Rescue Department, and made an appeal to the ministers to help support by their influence and work.

A lively and interesting discussion followed and a unanimous endorsement of the work was passed by the Association.

Many spoke in the highest approval of the work, and promised their hearty co-operation and practical assistance.

The great Social Meeting was held in the Auditorium on Monday evening, when most of the Ministers of the city were on the platform. The chair was taken by the Rev. Mr. Albritton, D.D.

The subject of Mrs. Read's address was, "The Dark Side of a Great City," which was ably delivered and much appreciated. Some of the ministers spoke. Ensign Kerr was cordially welcomed as the Matron of the Home.

Thus ended the special campaign. We pray God's richest blessing on the Brigadier, and hope for a speedy return.—John S. Gule, Adjt.

### "Around the Xmas Camp Fire,"

Comprising five fascinating tales of a jolly group of S. A. officers, written by Brigadier Wm. H. Cox, formerly Editor of our New York War Cry, will begin in the

XMAS WAR CRY.

# WOMAN'S WORK.

## Lessons from the Life of Catherine Booth.

By REV. W. R. ROACHE.

The life is all wrong that is not lived after this fashion. That is a selfish, sinful, miserable, unhappy life until conversing to Christ takes place. The whole man then is changed. He has new tastes, feelings, desires, aims, ambitious and purposes. The current of his whole life is changed, because he has a new heart, and with it a new nature, conversion, the new birth. Without it a man may have the physical strength of a Samson, the wisdom of a Solomon, the eloquence of a Demosthenes, the wealth of a Croesus, and the possessions of an Alexander, and his life may be worse than a failure, so far as the future life is concerned. What would the lives of Wesley, and Clarke, and Branwell, and Cangelley, and Panshion, and Spurgeon have been, but for their conversion? A failure! What would have been the lives of Mary Fletcher and Florence Nightingale, and Grace Murray, and Frances Willard, and Francis Ridley Havergal, and Catherine Booth, but for their conversion? Nothing worth speaking of, and what will you say to my young friend, without this spiritual change, this Divine life planted within you? Not much. To start right in the great battle of life, you must be born again. These men and women whose lives I have just mentioned, and who are so dear to us, and whose memories are so precious, and who were so eminently useful would have been moral blanks but for their conversion to God and the Spirit. Christ that was so largely developed in them, I may well, therefore, urge upon you young men and women, with all earnestness, the necessity of conversion if you wish to make life a success for both worlds. Catherine Booth, in the days of her youth, sought it, obtained it, and rejoiced in its possession, and went forward in her life-long mission of usefulness to suffering humanity. It was the one great crisis in her life, standing out very distinctly, and looming up with a halo of glory, and shining forth with a brightness that surpassed every other crisis in her life. It was an event in her life greater, and brighter, and grander than anything that preceded or followed it. It was an event not less than that which lifted her to the thrones of heaven, and that revealed her with life immortal, because it made her his heir to it. I may well, therefore, urge upon all young people the absolute necessity of immediate conversion. Seek it in penitence and prayer, and faith in Christ. Seek it with tears and earnestness of soul until you obtain it, and rejoice in its possession, and it shall be to you the one great event of your life that shall surpass any other change to be experienced this side the gates of heaven. Conversion is that point in a young woman's life when she begins to rise towards the zenith of her being, and her God reveals her with life eternal, and she is crowned with life eternal. Thus the conversion of Catherine Manford, which was the maiden name of Mrs. Booth, was the first upward step in her ascent to the throne eternal, and resulted in her exaltation; and so will your conversion be succeeded by your exaltation by you being true to yourselves, the Bible, and God. First, the new birth and the battle of life, and then a little way on comes the victory, the triumph, the sceptre, the palm, the crown, the throne, the unquenchable fire, the rich inheritance, the far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory, and what more I cannot tell, for eye hath not seen nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man the things which I have prepared for them that love Him. We only know in part and see through a glass darkly. I am sure that you will not think this lecture too serious if I ask, are you converted, have you again, adopted into the family of God, sealed with the Holy Spirit of promise, a child of God, and an heir of heaven? I hope you can answer these vital questions in the affirmative. Mrs. Booth knew what experimental religion meant, and what conversion was, what holiness of heart implied, what a life of toil in the service of Christ involved, and now, three happy souls, she knows what holiness is, and how blessed it is to be with God for ever.

V.—THE FIFTH LESSON that we learn from the story of the life of this marvelous woman is, that entire sanctification and holiness of heart held a foremost place in her life and ministry. Soon after her conversion the chief and prevailing cry of her soul was for a clean heart, perfect love, the destruction of all sin and inbred corruption, and the incoming and indwelling of God the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. For this great blessing she prayed, wrestled, fasted, wept, believed, and rejoiced in its possession. She dwelt in God and God in her. She lived a life of complete consecration to Christ, and but few men or women reached a higher state of perfect love than Catherine Booth; and the members of the churches of all denominations would be more perfect, happier, and useful to-day than they are if they imbibed more of the Spirit of Christ and walked before God in holiness of heart and life; and the officers and soldiers of the Salvation Army, and the members, and teachers, and ministers and missionaries of every creed and church would augment their happiness and increase their usefulness thirty, sixty, nay, an hundred-fold if they would seek frequent baptisms of the Spirit, and everyday anointing from on high. Mrs. Booth's usefulness was the legitimate result of purity of heart and Christian perfection as taught by the prophets, by Christ, by the Apostles, and by John Wesley, Fletcher, Bradburn, Branwell, Carver, and other early Methodists. We do not hear now-a-days so much about holiness as we did some years ago. To a great extent the pulpit is silent, the platform is silent, the desk is silent, the press is silent; members, teachers, leaders, and ministers are tongue-tied, dumb, and speechless at the vital question—holiness; and yet without it we cannot get to heaven, for without holiness no man shall see the Lord, and there must be a revival of the doctrine of holiness and of experimental religion before the church of Christ will march onward with renewed strength in conquering, converting, and saving the world for Christ. We want a thousand, ten thousand—hundreds of holy men and women, whose hearts the Lord hath touched, to go forth, not only to preach holiness, but to live it, and we should soon see the blessed effects of it, and feel it, too, in our inmost souls, and should see it in the multiplied conversions on every hand, and there would be much less poverty, wretchedness, drunkenness, immorality, and sin in our form, and we should have the days of heaven upon earth. Do you ask, what holiness is? It is the sinful heart cleansed from the filthiness of the flesh and spirit, and filled with the Holy Ghost. David Livingstone once asked a heathen what he understood by the word holiness. He answered, "When copious showers have descended during the night and all the earth, and leaves, and cattle are washed clean, and the sun rising shows a drop of dew on every blade of grass, and the air breathes fresh. That is holiness." Is not this a very good definition of holiness? The heart, the whole man washed clean. Holiness was the keynote of Mrs. Booth's life and ministry. She taught and enforced it as a Bible doctrine. There went forth from her no meek-toned sound on this vital question. She preached it with a point and a power, and a clearness, and a force that none could gainsay nor resist.

(To be continued.)

Herodity is that biological law by which all beings endowed with life tend to repeat themselves in their descendants; it is for the species what personal heredity is for the individual. By it a groundwork remains unchanged amid incessant variation; by it Nature ever copies and imitates herself.—Rihot.

The Incarnation may be said to be the counterpart in the field of history of the Godhead in the field of thought. Through one Godhead we achieve. Delys as so existing and conditioned that the Incarnation is possible; through the Incarnation we conceive an historical Person as so placed that He realizes the affinities of God and man, and so constituted that He brings them into organic relations.—Dr. Fairbairn.

## From Cape Breton to St John and Back.

A Pleasant Journey—St. John's Council—The  
Commissioner is Eloquent and a Successful  
Fisher—Temperance Champion on  
Route—Pushing On.

By ADLT. MAGEE.

Having received orders to come to St. John's council, I took the train at North Sydney, 7 a.m., and spent a very pleasant day with the Cape Breton and other officers which came on board along the route. At New Glasgow we met that wide-awake comrade, the notorious Cameron, and at Truro Treas. Stewart gave us a free lunch. God bless these comrades. Here and there along the way some soldiers would board the train to shake hands with old comrades, and altogether a most enjoyable day was spent.

I arrived at St. John at 1:30 a.m. Tuesday, thus missing the reception meeting on Monday.

My billet being situated some three miles from the station, Capt. Doyle took pity on me and piloted me to No. 111, Garrison. After a lot of shouting and noise the Captain got me inside, only to find every bed full. Officers, who had found themselves homeless, had taken refuge under Capt. McElhenny's wing. The Captain's hospitality given over his room to the strangers and was sleeping on the floor with his head on a chair. A lounge was better than nothing, so I slept there, and all. After several hours of sleep, a good breakfast, away we go to council.

#### Instruction Councils

Staff-Capt. Rowland took hold until the Major appeared. The councils were very interesting and instructive. To those of us who had not time to read many books, they were quite a treat. The Commissioner was enthusiastically welcomed. The Major was also cheered as he spoke of the General as our commander in chief, the Chief of the Staff, Mr. Bramwell, as second in command of the Army; at Mrs. Bramwell Booth, as leader of our glorious Rescue branch; and at our own brave Commissioner, the public meeting in the Mechanics' Institute was glorious. The speakers on the platform were beautiful. The flowers were exquisite. The children sang sweetly. The crowd was very respectful and attentive to the General's daughter, and all went merrily as a marriage bell. Major Pickering had already fully reported this meeting. When the Commissioner took her seat Major Pickering took hold. It was a tough mill. The Major sang and sang. At last the Commissioner rose again. Things went better. Then the Commissioner went fishing herself and succeeded in bringing in a number of captives.

#### Gaily Diversion by the Way.

I took the train again at 1 a.m. for Cape Breton, called off at Moncton to see the General Passenger Agent, Mr. I. C. R. Mr. Morrow is a very busy man, but I had a very nice little talk with him about my work at Cape Breton, and he promised to do what he could to help me. Having a few minutes to spare I went up town, and in one of the windows saw a large poster announcing an Anti-Scott Act meeting at the Opera House that night at 8 p.m. At the bottom of the poster in bold letters it threw out a challenge to the Temperance people to come on the platform, occupy one-half of the time, and discuss the question. A little further on I met a Scott Act Inspector, from the Woodstock, N. B., and asked him if anybody was preparing to meet this man. He said he did not think so. There was no meeting in the barracks, so at 8 p.m. I went down to the Opera House. It was well filled with all classes of men. Promptly on time the brewers' giant stepped to the front and again threw down the gauntlet to the Christian Temperance workers of New Brunswick, that were present. I felt something take hold of me and I got up and said I would accept the challenge. I went on to the stage and took off my coat. He had the first half hour, I had the next. The people cheered. I don't think Mr. Brewer will want another Salvationist for a day or two. It was the first of a series of such meetings he was having throughout the Province; it would doubtless get into the press, be an encouragement to others, and help to cripple him, all at once.

I caught another train at 3 a.m. and got home all right.





# The General in France.

(EXTRACTS FROM THE GENERAL'S JOURNAL.)

Saturday, Nov. 18th.  
Here is Paris. Bundle up the  
out with the candles, which  
fantas has ingeniously fixed up on  
ad-basket; make yourself tidy, as  
s no knowing who may greet you  
platform, and on with the over  
Now the train pulls up, and there  
missioner Holberg, looking un-  
only well. We are hustled into a  
d along the streets helter-skelter  
e.  
g the best and most furious driv-  
he world are the Parisian exhibi-  
ous that I never alight from one  
r vehicles without thankfulness  
me not been smashed—and good  
hey need be to get us through at  
uch a pace.  
is my billet, and here is my  
r Lucy, giving me the heartiest  
ones. A little communion—not  
or there are the prospects of the  
n to talk over, some wonderful  
ows to describe, and the interest  
on the distant corners of the  
relate. A basin of soap is a  
r, seeing there has been nothing  
indwiel and a cup of tea since

Our Parisians.  
m.—The soldiers' meeting in our  
in Rue Aubert, holding six hun-  
dred, is crowded. The meeting  
early, and we are soon singing,  
e Pire!" There was the inevit-  
eution, and then my address,  
eaining in the most friendly  
eant as to some straight deat  
conversion, holy living, fight-  
ous, and the like. The French,  
the Continentals, are excellent  
In this, I fancy, they excel  
isher; anyway, I had every-  
ear on this occasion. We felt  
the Mercy Seat, and a better  
s not often my privilege to see  
oken hearts men and women  
aming out from every part of  
ing. Some were soldiers wear-  
an heint, but the bulk were  
conversion or restoration from  
g.  
night wore on, the change in  
atmosphere of the assembly  
noticeable. We began "Every-  
The band—composed of a cor-  
or three violins, two mandolins,  
id a piano, all excellently play-  
joined by a Singing Brigade  
v of the audience—discouraged  
music. Still, the feeling was  
ff, but the counting up of the  
aim results, the introduction of  
a plentiful clapping of hands,  
e all, the rousing up of every  
work and sing, to pray, to be-  
themselves, soon made things  
different. We finished up at  
the hall still nearly full, with  
at the penitential form, and a  
g hope for to-morrow.

Our Position in Paris.

Sunday, 19th.  
We have certainly changed very  
the better in Paris since my  
fifteen months ago. The Shm-  
e Work has been revived and  
The Shelter set going on that  
us proved a great success.  
we have been opened, while ar-  
s have been made for opening  
Two Medical Stations, con-  
Salvationist officers, with  
ment attached, and the reprov-  
ity of Major Pegg's Orphan-  
renty children, all taken to-  
I greatly strengthen and ad-  
ence of our position in Paris  
or will be by the time these  
are in force, unite a hundred  
work in the city alone. God  
all!

Afternoon.  
Rousset, who has just come  
to the meeting, informs me  
a great Festival Day in the  
re monument, in celebration  
oph of the Republic, is being  
the President in the presence  
multitude, while two thousand  
are out for a grand ball to-  
day is, indeed, a day of pleas-

shop, Priest, etc.  
cultural Hall, a beautiful  
ning 750 people, is off a

fashionable Boulevard in the centre of  
the city. We are nearly full—fifty more  
people would have picked us tight. The  
audience was, of course, Parisian and  
Catholic. Still, we had Americans, Can-  
adians, and, I should think, some Eng-  
lish and Russians; but, if so, they did  
not make themselves known to me. Sit-  
ting on my left hand a little way down  
was a Bishop and Priest of the Catholic

Church. Altogether, we were a little  
mixed.

On taking my first glance at my  
audience, I remarked to my daughter, "Not  
much like the penitential form?" "Not  
at present," was the reply. When I  
sat down appearances had changed. The  
Mercy Seat had, so to speak, not only  
been explained, but, in a measure, popu-  
larized. Still, it seemed a dark problem  
whether we should have a soul convicted  
enough, or hold enough, to come on  
before that crowd in acknowledgment of  
sin and the need of salvation.

We prayed—we believed—we waited,  
but not a soul stirred; before, however,  
the first line of the song, "Come with  
thy sin," was sung, a ladylike person  
fell, in her agony, and then another

walked up from the back of the hall, and  
then another, and then three more, and  
then a young man, and then more wo-  
men, and then another, and then three  
men, until the number had swollen to  
eighteen, making a total of eighty-nine  
for this part of my campaign, and we  
finished full of praise and thanksgiving  
to God and of confidence for the night.

## OLD No. 1 IN A NEW HOME.

(Special.)

The new barracks is situated on  
Huron St., south about 300 and is well  
adapted for an Army building. The

opening meetings were conducted on  
Saturday and Sunday, by Brigadier and  
Mrs. Gaskin, assisted by Major and  
Mrs. Turner, Major and Mrs. Swetson,  
Staff-Captain and Mrs. Stanton, Staff-  
Captains Morris and Creighton, Adjs.  
Wiseman and Attwell, and Headquarters'  
Orchestra.

The meetings were full of life, light  
and interest, and were times of deep  
spiritual blessing.

Sunday morning Major Turner treated  
us to a discourse on "How to kill  
giants."

Afternoon and night, the Brigadier,  
charged with the Spirit's power, swayed  
the congregations. The singing of the  
Male Quartette was superb. Six at  
the penitential form for the day.



## THE DISOBEYING PROPHET.

L. Kings, chap. xlii, v. 1-28.

And, behold, there came a man of God out of Judah by the word of the  
Lord unto Beth-el: and Jeroboam stood by the altar to burn incense. And he  
cried against the altar in the name of the Lord, and said, O altar, altar, thus  
saith the Lord: Behold, a child shall be born unto the house of David, and  
by name; and upon thee shall he offer the priests of the high places that  
burn incense upon thee, and men's bones shall be burnt upon thee. And he  
gave a sign the same day, saying, This is the sign which the Lord hath spoken:  
Behold, the altar shall be rent, and the ashes that are upon it shall be poured  
out. And it came to pass, when the king Jeroboam heard the saying of the  
man of God, which had cried against the altar in Beth-el, that he put forth  
his hand from the altar, saying, Lay hold on him. And his hand, which he put  
forth against him, dried up, so that he could not pull it in again to him. And  
the altar also was rent, and the ashes poured out from the altar, according  
to the sign which the man of God had given by the word of the Lord. And the  
king answered and said unto the man of God, Intreat now the face of the Lord  
thy God, and pray for me, that my hand may be restored me again. And the  
man of God brought the king, and the king's hand was restored him again,  
and became as it was before. And the king said unto the man of God, Come  
home with me, and refresh thyself, and I will give thee a reward. And the  
man of God said unto the king, If thou wilt give me half thine house, I will  
not go in with thee, neither will I eat bread nor drink water in this place: for  
so says the Lord God, saying, What no bread, nor drink water, nor turn again  
by the same way that thou earnest. So he went another way, and returned  
not by the way that he came to Beth-el.

Now there dwelt an old prophet in Beth-el; and his sons came and told him  
all the works that the man of God had done at Beth-el: the words which he  
had spoken unto the king, they told also to their father. And their father  
said unto them, What way went he? For his sons had seen what way the man of God went, which came from Judah. And he said unto  
his sons, Saddle up the ass. So they saddled him the ass: and he rode away  
on, and went after the man of God, and found him sitting under an oak: and

said unto him, Art thou the man of God that earnest from Judah? And he  
said, I am. Then he said unto him, Come home with me, and eat bread.  
And he said, I may not return with thee, nor go in with thee: neither will I  
eat bread nor drink water with thee in this place: for it was said to me by  
the word of the Lord, Thou shalt eat no bread nor drink water there, nor turn  
again to go by the way that thou earnest. He said unto him, I am a prophet  
as thou art; and an angel spake unto me by the word of the Lord, saying,  
Bring him back with thee into thine house, that he may eat bread, and drink  
water. But he lied unto him. So he went back with him, and did eat bread in  
his house, and drank water.

And it came to pass, as they sat at the table, that the word of the Lord  
came unto the prophet that brought him back: and he cried unto the man of  
God, that came from Judah, saying, Thus saith the Lord, Forasmuch as thou  
hast disobeyed the mouth of the Lord, and hast not kept the commandment  
which the Lord thy God commanded thee, but earnest back, and hast eaten  
bread and drunk water in the place, of the which the Lord did say to thee,  
Eat no bread, and drink no water: thy carcass shall not come unto the sepul-  
chre of thy fathers.

And it came to pass, after he had eaten bread, and after he had drunk, that  
the prophet whom he had brought back, and when he was gone, a lion met him by the way, and slew him: and his  
carcass was cast in the way, and the ass stood by it, the lion also stood by the  
carcass. And, behold, men passed by, and saw the carcass cast in the way,  
and the lion standing by the carcass; and they came and told it in the city.  
And the old prophet dwelt. And when the prophet that brought him back  
saw the way thereof, he said, It is the man of God, who was disobedient  
unto the word of the Lord: therefore the Lord hath delivered him unto the  
lion, which hath torn him, and slain him, according to the word of the Lord.  
And he spake unto his sons, saying, Saddle up the ass. And they saddled him. And he went and found the carcass cast in the  
way, and the ass and the lion standing by the carcass: the lion had not  
eaten the carcass, nor torn the ass.

## LATEST S INTER

### WAR REFUGEES

#### The Salvation A Women

There are at present  
refugees in Cape T  
of whom are women  
authorities of Cape  
communication with  
bey as to the Army  
the refugee women  
night trains.  
To meet this need  
hey has made temp  
for their accommod  
llooms.  
It is quite possib  
staining of a great  
tion that the author  
to do.

#### NEW SHELTER OF VID

During the past  
Shelter accommoda-  
has been very inade-  
quate. Brigadier Pea-  
charge of the Army  
has now got hold of  
the accommodation  
vastly improved. A  
also needed at the  
present building is  
out.

#### A NEW RESCUE HO AT BU

Colonel Higgins  
very valuable propo-  
Buffalo, U. S. A.,  
to accommodate this  
see were last month  
a month; we have  
dollars a month.  
been granted to us b  
of the useful work  
on.

#### THE DISTRES

#### Poor Prospect o

The Secretary of  
received the following  
Viceroy on the sub-  
in India:  
"Situation general  
week, but extreme  
is against prospects  
Follower difficulty gre  
On relief—Bombay  
70,000; Central I  
Bihar, 35,000; Ajm  
India, 28,000; Rajp  
tal. 828,000."

#### Mrs. Read at

(By v  
Mrs. Read with  
soul searching tim  
address on Social W  
ment of soldiers, an  
League of Mercy.  
an appreciative and  
met Ministerial Assoc  
waited upon City Cor  
Rescue Home. Pres  
sign Lester.

#### Mrs. Read's Sp

(Sent by Wire, but Re  
Insertion in La

Mrs. Read enthusia  
to Spokane by offic  
friends. Social me  
Methodist Church a  
Ex-Mayor, Dr. O  
the Brigadier and spo  
on the Army work.  
splendid hit and mu  
roused on behalf of  
Summer of next year  
splendid crowds, m  
and soulr.—Staff-Cap

Church. Altogether, we were a little mixed.

On taking my first glance at my audience, I remarked to my daughter, "Not much like the penitent form?" "Not at present," was the reply. When I sat down appearances had changed. The Mercy Seat had, so to speak, not only been explained, but, in a measure, popularized. Still, it seemed a dark problem whether we should have a soul convicted enough, or bold enough, to come on before that crowd in acknowledgment of sin and the need of salvation.

We prayed—we believed—we waited, but not a soul stirred: before, however, the first line of the song, "Come with thy sin," was sung, a ladylike person fell, in her agony, and then another

walked up from the back of the hall, and then another, and then three more, and then a young man, and then more women, and then another, and then three men, until the number had swollen to eighteen, making a total of eighty-nine for this part of my campaign, and we finished full of praise and thanksgiving to God and of confidence for the night.

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The meetings were full of life, light and interest, and were thus of deep spiritual blessing. Sunday morning Major Turner treated us to a discourse on "How to kill giants."

Afternoon and night, the Brigadier, charged with the Spirit's power, swayed the congregations. The singing of the Mule Quartette was superb. Six at the penitent form for the day.

## LATEST SOCIAL INTELLIGENCE.

### WAR REFUGEES AT CAPE TOWN.

The Salvation Army Care for the Women Refugees.

There are at present sixty thousand refugees in Cape Town in a great many of whom are women and children. The authorities of Cape Town have been in communication with Commissioner Kibbey as to the Army meeting and housing the refugee women who arrive by the night trains.

To meet this need Commissioner Kibbey has made temporary arrangements for their accommodation at our Rescue Home.

It is quite possible that this is the beginning of a great work in this connection that the authorities may require us to do.

### NEW SHELTER OPENED IN MONTE VIDEO.

During the past eighteen months our Shelter accommodation in Monte Video has been very inadequate to the need; but Brigadier Pearce, the officer in charge of the Army in South America has now got hold of a new place where the accommodation will be doubled and vastly improved. A larger Shelter is also needed at Buenos Ayres, as the present building is now always crowded out.

### A NEW RESCUE HOME TO BE OPENED AT BUFFALO.

Cubert Higgins has just received a very valuable property in the city of Buffalo, U. S. A., for a Rescue Home to accommodate thirty girls. The premises were last rented for eighty dollars a month; we have secured it for forty dollars a month. This reduction has been granted to us because of the nature of the useful work we intend to carry on.

### THE DISTRESS IN INDIA.

#### Poor Prospect of Winter Crops.

The Secretary of State for India has received the following telegram from the Viceroy on the subject of the scarcity in India:

"Situation generally as reported last week, but extreme dryness of weather is against prospects for winter crops. Fodder difficulty great in many places. On relief:—Bombay, 147,000; Punjab, 70,000; Central Provinces, 414,000; Bihar, 33,000; Ajmer, 71,000; Central India, 28,000; Rajputana, 15,000. Total, 828,000."

### Mrs. Read at Vancouver.

(By wire.)

Mrs. Read with us Sunday. Morning, soul searching time. Afternoon, stirring address on Social Work. Night, enrolment of soldiers, and commissioning of League of Mercy. Hall crowded with an appreciative audience. Mrs. Read met Ministerial Association. Deputation waited upon City Council for subsidy to Rescue Home. Prospects bright.—Ensign Lester.

### Mrs. Read's Spokane Meeting

(Sent by Wire, but Received Too Late for Insertion in Last Issue.)

Mrs. Read enthusiastically welcomed to Spokane by officers, soldiers, and friends. Social meeting in Vincent Methodist Church a magnificent success. Ex-Mayor Dr. Olmsted introduced the Brigadier and spoke in highest terms of the Army work. Mrs. Read made a splendid hit and much interest was aroused on behalf of the Rescue work. Sunday, incessant downpour of rain, but splendid crowds, magnificent meetings and souls.—Staff-Capt. Gane.

## Coming Events.

Colonel and Mrs. Jacobs, (THE CHIEF SECRETARY),

will visit

LINDSAY, Sat. and Sun., Dec. 16, 17. UXBRIDGE, Monday, Dec. 18.

LT.-COL. MARGETTS,

accompanied by

BRIGADIER PUGMIRE,

will visit

St. Thomas, Wednesday, Dec. 13. Windsor, Thurs. and Fri., Dec. 14, 15. Chatham, Sat. and Sun., Dec. 16, 17. Simcoe, Monday, Dec. 18. Hespler, Tuesday, Dec. 19.

LIEUT.-COL. and MRS. MARGETTS,

accompanied by

BRIGADIER PUGMIRE,

will visit

RIVERSIDE, SUNDAY, DEC. 31st.

BRIGADIER GASKIN

Will conduct Special Meetings in Toronto as follows:

Temple, Friday, Dec. 15. Holiness Convention. Lisgar, Sunday, Dec. 31. Battle for souls.

BRIGADIER MRS. READ,

Women's Social Secretary,

will visit

Rat Portage, Ont., Sat. and Sun., Dec. 16, 17. Port Arthur, Ont., Tuesday, Dec. 19.

MAJOR TURNER

will visit

Sudbury, Fri., Sat. and Sun., Dec. 15, 16, 17. North Bay, Monday, Dec. 18. Brazebridge, Tues. and Wed., Dec. 19, 20. Gravenhurst, Thursday, Dec. 21. Midland, Friday, Dec. 22. Orillia, Sat. and Sun., Dec. 23, 24. Lisgar St., Sunday, Dec. 31.

Whereabouts of Financial Specials.

ADJUT. WISEMAN.

Hamilton 1, Thursday, Dec. 14. Hamilton 11, Friday, Dec. 15. Toronto, Sat., Dec. 16, to Wed., Dec. 20.

ENSIGN OTTAWAY.

Winnipeg, Thurs., Dec. 14, to Wed., Dec. 20.

ENSIGN BURROWS.

Peuclon Falls, Thurs. and Fri., Dec. 14, 15. Lindsay, Sat. and Sun., Dec. 16, 17. Owen Sound, Monday, Dec. 18. Newcastle, Tuesday, Dec. 19. Bowmanville, Wednesday, Dec. 20.

ENSIGN HODDINOTT.

Listowel, Thurs. and Fri., Dec. 14, 15. Palmerston, Sat. and Sun., Dec. 16, 17. Drayton, Monday, Dec. 18. Guelph, Tues. and Wed., Dec. 19, 20.

ENSIGN PARKER.

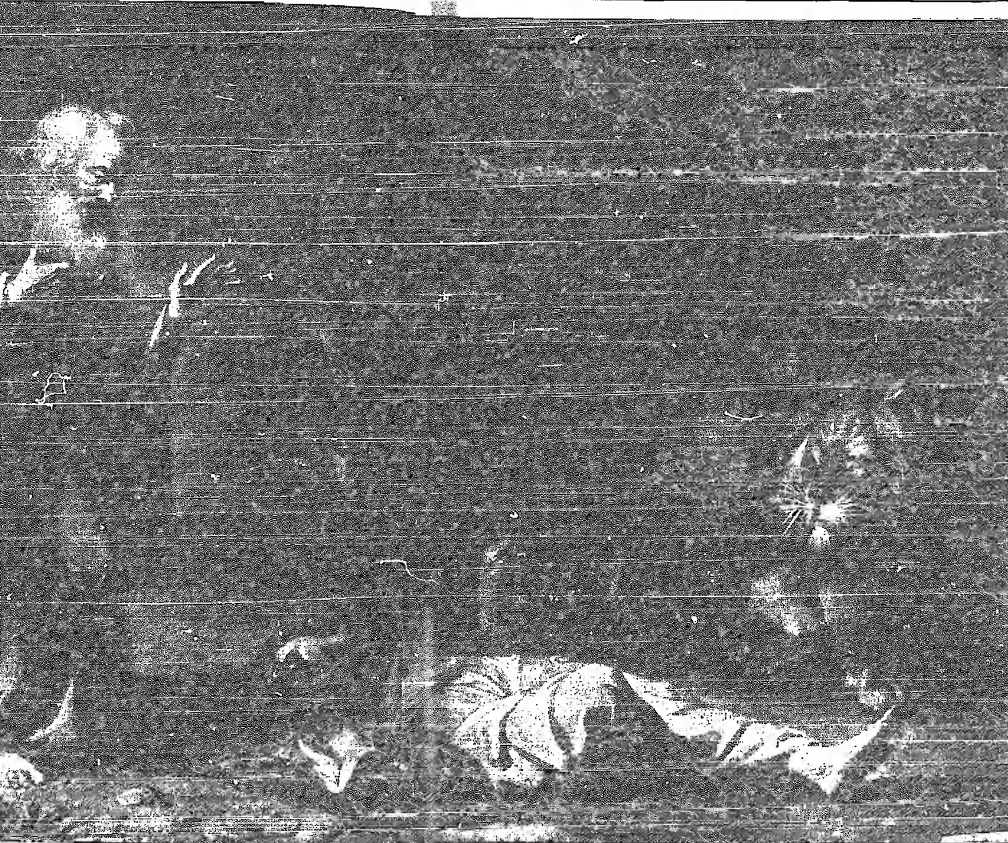
Arnprior, Thursday, Dec. 14. Smith's Falls, Friday, Dec. 15. Kenora, Sat. and Sun., Dec. 16, 17. Perth, Mon. and Tues., Dec. 18, 19. Kingston, Wednesday, Dec. 20.

ENSIGN PERRY.

Edmonton, Fri., Dec. 15, to Sun., Dec. 17. Calgary, Mon., Dec. 18, to Wed., Dec. 20.

ENSIGN STAGERS.

Kalispell, Thurs. and Fri., Dec. 14, 15. Spokane, Sat. and Sun., Dec. 16, 17. Lewiston, Tues. and Wed., Dec. 19, 20.



THE DISOBEY PROPHET.

L. Kings, chap. xlii., v. 1-25.

there came a man of God out of Judah by the word of the Lord; and Jeroboam stood by the altar to burn incense. And he said, I may not return with thee, nor go in with thee; neither will I eat bread nor drink water with thee in this place: for it was said to me by the word of the Lord, Thou shalt eat no bread nor drink water there, nor turn back to go by the way that thou comest. He said unto him, I am a prophet as thou art; and an angel spake unto me by the word of the Lord, saying, Bring him back with thee into thine house, that he may eat bread, and drink water. But he lied unto him. So he went back with him, and did eat bread in his house, and drank water.

And it came to pass, as they sat at the table, that the word of the Lord came unto the prophet that brought him back; and he cried unto the man of God, saying, Thus saith the Lord, Forasmuch as thou hast disobeyed the mouth of the Lord, and hast not kept the commandment which the Lord thy God commanded thee, thou shalt not eat bread, and drink water in the place, of the which the Lord did say to thee, Thou shalt eat no bread, and drink no water: thy carcass shall not come unto the sepulchre of thy fathers.

And it came to pass, after he had eaten bread, and after he had drunk, that he saddled for him the ass, to wit, for the prophet whom he had brought back unto him: when he was gone, a lion met him by the way, and slew him: and his carcass was cast in the way, and the ass stood by it, the lion also stood by the carcass, and the lion standing by the carcass, and they came and told it in the city where the old prophet dwelt. And when the prophet that brought him back heard thereof, he said, It is the man of God, who was disobedient to the word of the Lord; therefore the Lord hath delivered him unto the lion, which hath torn him, and slung him, according to the word of the Lord. And he spake unto his sons, saying, Saddle me the ass, and they saddled him. And he went and found the carcass cast in the way, and the ass and the lion standing by the carcass: the lion had not

It is an old prophet in Beth-el, and his sons come and told him the man of God had done that day in Beth-el; the words which he had spoken unto the king, them they told also to their father. And he said, What way went he? For his sons had seen the man of God, which came from Judah. And he said unto his sons, Go ye, and see the way that he took, and the ass which he rode thereon, and the man of God, and found him sitting under an oak; and



# ALL IN ONE DAY



By ENSIGN OTTAWAY.

"Lord, anoint her, anoint her; give her Thy touch! Oh, give her Thy touch, take her into Thy secret place!"

POOR Annie! She knelt on the barracks' floor with her face pressed in her two hands. Why did the Captain pray for her in that way? Had she not lived right before Him, and before the world, for that matter? Yes, she believed she was sanctified, any way, she had professed it, and believed herself honest in her profession; and he was wrestling with God on her behalf. She felt she might resent it, but her heart was too much stirred to do anything of that sort. Oh, was there really a baptism that she might receive, that which would lift her above the spiritual level she was now on? But to acknowledge she was not "sanctified" would be strange, for she really thought she was. It was a fateful day, and to celebrate it the little corps was having a knock-drill at 3 a.m.; and because her soul hungered for a blessing she had come, never expecting that the tables were to be turned on her like this.

"Lord, take her into Thy secret place," the Captain groaned.

"I don't want to be taken into God's secret place," she said in her heart.

Later in the day, while Mrs. B. prepared the dinner, Capt. B. and Annie went on an errand for the corps. "Now is my chance," she thought. "I'll ask him what he means."

"Captain, why did you pray for me like that?" she enquired. "Do you think that I am not sanctified, and why do you think so?"

Very wisely the officer led her to probe her own heart and helped her to search herself, but she held on to her profession. Still the matter had taken a tight hold on her mind. She was thinking fast and deeply. Certainly she knew she had a deal of confidence in herself, but that was not wrong, surely, in the past she had taught herself to believe it a virtue. Yes, it was true she thought she was the author of a deal of the good that was done in her little world, but she struggled always to give God ALL the glory. She could not really help that feeling in her heart, and if she opposed it, what more was there for her to do? True, she had not enjoyed prayer of late, her mind wandered so, but she was sure she could not help that. Oh, dear, was she wrong?

After dinner she stood before the glass tying on her bonnet. Mrs. B. was resting near her. "Mrs. B., do you think I am not sanctified?" she asked.

As the two women talked on the subject—for Annie loved and had the utmost



"After dinner she stood before the glass, tying on a new bonnet."

confidence in Mrs. B., with tears she confessed those secret sins and failings which she had forgotten it was her privilege to be delivered from.

Then, drying her eyes, she completed her preparations for going out.

"Now I'll pray with you," said Mrs. B., and the bonneted head was bowed by her couch, while she poured out her heart for this perplexed soul.

"If the Commissioner was here, she would say, 'Settle this first, and so you ought. Let your afternoon's work wait. Do this first,'" said the Captain's wife.

"I don't want to," said Annie; then, reflecting herself, she yielded, and simply said, "All right." "There would be added sin," she meditated, "were I unwilling; and I do indeed want to wholly follow my Lord."

So off came the bonnet and wrap, and taking a Bible she went to a room and shut herself in "to settle it."

She tried to pray, but what was the use? Her mind continually wandered. But this only increased the cause of her need. She must have something from God. What did she want from God, anyway? She thought she needed a baptism. What! Claim the Holy Ghost? Oh, that was too much for an ordinary person like her. But it was too true, she had a lot of self about her. Oh, she could see it now. She had no faith in her own prayers. She felt she was not sufficiently earnest to claim God's attention.

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helped her wandering mind and feeble faith to lay hold of God. Again and again she gave it up, and was as often brought to pray again.

"In quietness and in confidence shall be your strength," whispered the Captain.

God seemed to subdue the storm, quietness stole into her soul. Rest of all assurance was there. Down in the depths of her very soul she felt God had anointed her, and had indeed given her His touch. She was not afraid to be in His secret place. Hallelujah!

Now self is dead, or dies daily. Now her mind is retained in prayer. If it has a tendency to wander she prays aloud. Now the work done is done by God. It is easy to give Him the glory for what He does. Now prayer is a delight and regularly engaged in.

Is your experience, dear reader, a satisfactory one to yourself? Let me be definite, have you the baptism of the Holy Ghost? I trust you.

Now for Him, for the promise is unto you and your children, and to them that are afar off, and to as many as the Lord our God shall call. (Acts ii. 39.) You may enjoy a continual feast of fit things in your own soul.

"All is in the Cross, and in dying dies all; and there is no other way to life, and to true inward peace, but by the way of the Cross and of daily mortification."—Thomas A' Kempis.

"I LOVE Jesus and I know Him; He is the light of my life, my soul's King; and I love the cross and adore the secret of Jesus. To know it one must feel it, for it is knowledge born of experience. And I love to obey the inward voice, and count it a joy that I am permitted to share my Lord's passion. To follow Him and to seek the precious souls for whom He died, wooing them and winning them by the radiance of His own sweet, gentle spirit, the spirit of Divine, compassionate love, long-suffering and kind, is the whole purpose and passion of my life. All whose hearts have melted in the fire of God's wondrous love are ministering spirits. They are saved to serve, to be the world's light and salt, and by their much fruit-bearing glorifying the God of their salvation. They are in the world, but not like it. Permitted of God to remain upon the earth to bless humanity and usange its sufferings. To such souls the inward cross is the secret of spiritual power, the most precious of all spiritual gifts, the mystery of all mysteries. It implies discipleship—it means companionship, a giant capacity for love, a true-eyed spiritual discernment, a pain that is joy unspeakable because it is love beyond measure. Such souls see, hear, and understand that which mortal eye, ear, and understanding cannot grasp, because the deep things of God are revealed through the heart to the mind, rather than through the mind to the heart. Hence the necessity of faith. To these souls God is a living burning fact, they know no doubt, faith is lost in sight, and hope in fruition. They reflect in their life the heaven in their soul. They count no sacrifice too dear, and esteem it a privilege and a joy to suffer, live, or die for Jesus and perishing souls. In the eyes of those who base life upon a brute naturalism and make self-interest the root-motive of all action, such souls will be ever dreamers and failures, and the proud crafty world-spirit will ever try to subject and use for its own base purposes the spiritual power it cannot apprehend. But in the light of eternity, in light which bullies mortal sight," they are gigantic successes. They possess no perishable treasures, earth's joys are dim, its glories pass, the soul's battle has been fought and won. God's seal is upon their life's work, and a crown of righteousness awaits these huddled, purified souls of fire who followed the way of the Cross and solved life's problems. True disciples, the companions and servants of Jesus.—K.

If Christ took our nature upon Him (as we believe) by an act of love, it was not that of one, but of all. He was not one man only among men, but in Him all humanity was gathered up. And thus now, as at all time, mankind are (so to speak) organically united with Him. His acts are in a true sense our acts, so far as we realize the union: His death is our death: His Resurrection, our Resurrection.—Westcott.

## Glorying in the Cross.

"All is in the Cross, and in dying dies all; and there is no other way to life, and to true inward peace, but by the way of the Cross and of daily mortification."—Thomas A' Kempis.

When Iyrhus was twelve years old, Glaneus sent an army to restore him to his throne, and to guard him there: he was high-spirited, brave and gracious.

At seventeen Iyrhus went to Illyria to attend the wedding of one of Glaneus's sons, and while he was gone a rebellion broke out which resulted in making his cousin King. He then fought under Demetrius, who sent him as a hostage to Alexandria, where his grace and spirit made him a great favorite with King Ptolemy, who gave him his daughter, Berenice, in marriage, and assisted him to raise an army to recover his kingdom, which he accomplished.

His kindness and skill soon were spoken of in Macedonia, which hated Demetrius and rose against him in revolt. He had to flee in disguise to Asia, where he hoped to recover some of his father's kingdom, but was taken a prisoner to Seleucus, who treated him kindly. He soon died in captivity from excess in eating and drinking.

Iyrhus added Macedonia to his realm, but was soon attacked by Lysimachus, and as the feeble Macedonians went over to the latter, Iyrhus was obliged to retreat into Epirus. In the meantime Seleucus attacked Lysimachus and killed him, adding both Thrace and Macedonia to his possessions; thereafter he was called the Conqueror. Seleucus was the last survivor of Alexander's generals, and held now all his empire, except Egypt. While in Macedonia, however, Seleucus was killed by a vile Egyptian Greek, named Ptolemy Keraunus, and who made himself King of Macedonia.

At this time the Celts, or Gauls, the same race which inhabited parts of France and Britain made an incursion from the mountains. They quickly conquered Macedonia and killed Ptolemy Keraunus, then overran all Thrace. They found the pass of Thermopylae, where the Greeks made a desperate defence, and aided by a terrific thunderstorm and earthquake, the Gauls were frightened into a retreat. Their chief was wounded, who advised them to kill all his wounded and then retreat. He set the example by

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## SEVEN DAYS' SYNOPSIS.

### The Week's News Digested for Busy People.

The townfolk at Bear River are saddened by a shipping catastrophe which has sent six of their young men into a watery grave. Three of them were Army soldiers.—Victoria corps has been visited by Ensign and Mrs. Hawkes, of the States, who chose this unselfish way of spending their honeymoon.—A brother at Glace Bay declared that he felt uncomfortable in the meeting in his starched collar and appeared the following night in a red gurnsey.—The people appreciate the War Cry at the above corps, some of the friends paid 50 and 25 cents for a copy.—Omeuse is rejoicing in a renovated barracks. Our correspondent affirms it is fit for a visit from the General or Commissioner now.—Salvation efforts have been carried on by Sunday comrades among the workers in the neighboring copper mines. They were well received.—Our correspondent from St. Catharines sends us his report in verse with a request that we will print it upside down. We, however, thought its present form more intelligible.—Total number reported at the penitent form for the week, 80.

## PACIFIC.

23 Corps—2 Reports.

VICTORIA, B. C.—Had a visit from Ensign and Mrs. Hawkes, from Tacoma, on their honeymoon trip. Ensign is a splendid musician, and led Saturday night's meeting, also assisted Staff-Captain on Sunday. Meetings real good. One or two souls forward.—M. L.

VANCOUVER, B. C.—During the last three weeks we have seen the shipwrecked and seek pardon, we have seen the poor backslider return to his God, we have seen the cool, half-hearted Christian catch the fire. We have a band of ten blood-washed warriors, all wearing salvation music. Then we have had a visit from Ensign Bloss, also a coffee social and a big luncheon.—B. Norman, R. C.

## NORTH-WEST.

33 Corps—8 Reports.

LISBON, N. D.—We have had Adj. Barr and Capt. Siverts with us for a week. Spent a very enjoyable time. Praise God! Victory is ours! S-D, is not feared.—Conn Russell, R. C.

MORDEN.—Three souls since last report. Last Sunday was wet, which interfered with our open-air meetings, but we asked and got permission to have an inside salvation meeting in a hotel, and while that was going on an old gentleman made arrangements with another proprietor of a hotel to let us have one there, and so we were one meeting ahead.

CALGARY.—Two souls sought and found the Saviour this week. S-D, is all the talk now and we are going to hit our target.—L. O. Bunson, Capt.

BRANDON.—Three souls came forward for salvation Wednesday night and one Sunday night. The Spirit of God is working and we are happy in the knowledge of His presence.—E. Hayes.

RAT PORTAGE.—Five souls in past two weeks. Ensign and Mrs. Habbirk away on a trip to Baby River. Cadets led the Wednesday night's meeting, and Lieut. McConnell took the meeting on Thursday night.—M. E. H.

WINNIPEG, Man.—Glorious meetings all day yesterday, led by Major and Mrs. Southall. One brother out for the blessing of a clean heart, although no one in the night meeting when we closed at about 11 o'clock. We believe we shall see the results later on.—Jennie M. Giles, Cadet.

## WEST ONTARIO.

35 Corps—4 Reports.

BLENTHEIM.—We have reached our S-D target of \$100. I collected \$6, I am bombarding the railway station and the houses, and every day I meet on the street. I also sold 115 War Cries during S-D. I enjoy my work for God in the Army immensely.—Ina Groom.

DIARYTON.—Good meetings all week. Sunday night many souls were convicted through music yielded. Good crowd. Everyone believing for an outpouring of God's Spirit.—R. Cooper.

NORWICH.—We have smashed our S-D target all to pieces. We were pleased to have with us on Sunday afternoon one Capt. Rees, now Mrs. Cassler. God bless her.—Lieut. Edwards, for Capt. Hockin.

WATFORD.—We had some beautiful meetings yesterday, led by Capt. York, of Boston. Four souls came to the Cross.—Mrs. J. E. Collier.

## CENTRAL ONTARIO.

45 Corps—8 Reports.

SUDBURY.—We have had a visit from Ensign Burrows. We enjoyed it very much. The lantern service, "Poor Miles," was well appreciated by all. Splendid meeting at Copper Cliff and also at Mount Nickel Mine, where a building was kindly lent to us by Mr. Clark. We find the miners indeed a kind-hearted lot of people. God bless them. Sunday was a day of blessing. We had an enrolment of recruits, and saw two souls at the Cross.—Captain Stephens and Lieut. McLeunan.

OMEMUN.—We have had Brother Moore with us from Lindsay. He has been pupering and painting the barracks. Now it is fit for the General or Commissioner to sit in, and wouldn't he be glad to see them. Bro. Moore deserves praise for the way it is finished, also Capt. Lott and Lieut. Northcott for the way they helped. Mrs. Brigadier Howell with us the past three weeks. We were much blessed by her visit. She was one of the first that helped to open fire in this place. On Friday we had a soldiers' tea, at which Adj. Fox, of the Lansing District, was present.—Reg. Cor.

UXBRIDGE.—The enemy was routed out of his trenches, and put to flight, hising live of his people, who have decided to enlist in King Jesus' army. The engagement took place Sunday and lasted all day, but victory came at last.—H. L. P. Y. C. O'S.

YORKVILLE.—Heart-searching times on Sunday. Major Collier and Adj. Attwell leading. One soul sought and found the Saviour in the afternoon, and four at night. Self-Denial is all right up this way, everybody going like steam. Mrs. Colonel Jacobs is astonishing us all—she is out early and late. She will get her \$100 all O. K. Then there is phiney Adj. Which, who is in charge of the Delton Brigade. She is doing wonders.—A. Rose, Capt.

ST. CATHARINES.—

The war is still raging,  
And God is still saving;  
Another soul last night—  
Yours in the fight.

Lieut. E. Calvert, for Ensign and Mrs. Williams.

LISGAR ST.—A glorious day on Sunday, closing our S-D Week, reinforced by Adj. and Mrs. Adams at night. Everyone shouting happy, with eight souls at the Cross. A man and his wife started for heaven together.—Sergt. Mrs. Stickels.

## EAST ONTARIO and QUEBEC

37 Corps—2 Reports.

BURLINGTON.—Good week-end. Two dear brothers yielded their all to God and got beautifully saved from drink, tobacco, and sin of all kinds.—Capt. Brown, and Lieut. Carter.

KEMPTVILLE.—Since coming here we have been favored with a visit from Major Hargrove, which everyone enjoyed and appreciated. We can also report souls getting saved, crowds and collections increasing. Altogether, things are looking up.—Lieut. McEwan, for Capt. Ruth Oreg.

## NEWFOUNDLAND.

48 Corps—4 Reports.

ST. JOHNS I. L. Nfld.—Sunday was a day of power and blessing. God saved nine souls. They danced and praised God when the burden of sin rolled from their hearts. War Cries all sold.—S. Morgan, for Capt. McLean.

CHANNEL.—Two victorious weeks have passed since our arrival at Channel. On Sunday our meetings were well attended. The power of God was in our midst and at night we were able to rejoice over three souls who had escaped from darkness into light. Self-Denial is upon us. We are counting on the victory.—S. Winsor, Capt. K. Ridout, Lieut.

MORTON'S HARBOR.—Our Lieutenant has forewelled for Indian Arm. There was a good crowd along to the meeting, although it was a snowy night. Our Junior work is being a great success and we are believing for greater victories in the future. Our faith is high for Self-Denial.—L. Barnes.

TILT COVE.—A hard battle was fought on Sunday. After a red-hot prayer meeting, although it was a snowy night, came to the Fountain that cleanses.—L. Smart, R. C.

## EAST.

54 Corps—7 Report.

SYDNEY.—Although not any souls saved since last report, our crowds are increasing and people are becoming interested. We are believing for a mighty upheaval. We are in for smashing on S-D, target by hitting it fair in the centre. Quite a few of our Newfoundland comrades are over and helping us out quite a bit.—K. C. D. Lieut.

ANNAPOLIS.—Everyone is in for victory over sin and the devil. Sunday night meeting grand. Large crowd, collection good, two souls.—M. H. R. C.

CLARK'S HARBOR.—This week all our War Cries were sold out. Sunday the battle was one of desperate earnestness, and we closed with two prisoners captured.—Geo. Hudson and Low Sharp-ham.

WINDSOR, N. S.—We have had the joy of seeing the return of four backsliders. Our officers have come back from a week of councils at St. John filled with the Spirit and the Self-Denial theme. Capt. Tilley gave us a Sunday, also Lieut. Cowan, who is home for a short visit. Together they helped to make it an interesting and profitable day.—Treas. McPhee.

ST. JOHN I. L.—Our meetings have been quite exciting of late, including foreweld meetings, welcome meetings, and, best of all, soul-saving meetings. The Major made a visit, bringing with him Staff-Capt. Taylor and wife and Ensign Miller. The Chancelers forewelled to take up their fighting quarters in Montreal. Capt. Newell, who has been sick for some time, forced his way to the front of the battle, and uttered words of encouragement. In counting our victories we find 13 souls saved from sin and backsliding.—Cor. W. Marshall.

GLACE BAY.—After a stay of ten months Ensign and Mrs. Larder have forewelled. During their stay in Glace Bay God's Kingdom has been extended, souls have been saved, backsliders reclaimed, and corps placed in a good fighting position. The H. P. efforts was a sweeping victory, and the Ensign was just rejoicing over the prospects of greater victories for Self-Denial when he was ordered to take charge of Chatham Corps and District. They have been succeeded by Capt. and Mrs. Thompson. We have had some beautiful times already in our soldiers' meetings. In one of them one of the soldiers testified that he felt uncomfortable in his starched shirt, and next night he came along with his gurnsey on. The Captain is a great War Cry banner. Last Saturday he did not have one left for meeting, and many of the friends were dissatisfied at not getting a Cry. One friend gave 50c, and several 25c, for a copy of the War Cry. Sergeant-Major Morrison has also increased his sales. We are in for victory in our S-D.—Sergt.-Major.

BEAR RIVER.—Our hearts are very sad when we think of the six young men who left our town for Boston, and that we shall never see their faces, or hear their voices again. The vessel on which they sailed was found off Cape Ann dismasted and bottom side up, and after 14 days nothing has been heard of the crew. Among the men were three Salvationists—George Ford, John Atkins, and Ralph Morin. The latter got saved in Boston just the trip before. Three souls have been won for God since last report.—E. A. M. Sec.

## YOU LIKED

Last year's Xmas Number,  
DIDN'T YOU?

Well, you won't be disappointed  
with this year's

Special Xmas War Cry.

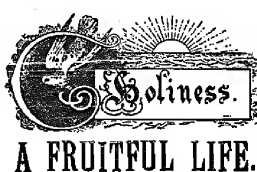
ORDER AT ONCE.

Kingliness of Service.

"Ah, to be pious!" sighed the boy, "oh, for the popular crown!"  
Surely, the king's highway knoweth no thorn nor crown."  
"Boy," said the ruler benign, "rare are the sceptre and throne!"  
Rare the paths of ease that lead to the conqueror's own.  
He that would feast with the king must with his soldiers be fed.  
He that would lead and command, first must obey and be led.  
He is a hero that tries: kingdoms and thrones are his fee.  
Willing for service he reigns: gladly men call him their chief."  
—Frank Welcott Hunt.

Goodness is beauty in its best estate.—  
Marlowe.





## A FRUITFUL LIFE.

"Ye have not chosen Me, but I have chosen you, and ordained you, that ye should go forth and bring forth fruit, and that your fruit shall remain." (John xv. 16.)

If you possess the life of the Spirit you will be a fruitful Christian. A fruitful life means two things: Soul-winning and loving.

What is soul-winning? There are different kinds of soul-winning. One is used in the conversion of souls. Another is helping sick ones, with the comforting words of Christ; cheering up discouraged ones, bringing back backsliders, giving cheerful words to those who are down-cast, explaining the love of God to those who have harsh thoughts about Him, and in this way winning souls to God. This is all called soul-winning. The former is soul-winning in one direction, the latter in another. Some people are under the impression that those who win souls for Christ—that is, who bring unconverted souls to Christ—are soul winners. Certainly not. As long as you win souls to Christ, whether in one way or another, it is soul-winning.

I have heard many Christians say that they have never been used by God in the conversion of souls, since they began to serve God. They make this mistake, because they do not know exactly what soul-winning is.

Friends, have you been winning any souls for Christ since you have been converted? Have you cheered any down-cast ones? Were you the means of bringing any backslider to the feet of Christ? Have you encouraged any sick ones in the hospital—any one who had one by giving them a word of cheer at the right time? Have you never encouraged any one by your talk, look, smile, prayer? That is soul-winning.

Another kind of fruitful life is to let your light shine out for Christ in your daily life. This is called love.

There are three kinds of love:

1. Human love.
2. God's love.
3. Christ's love.

1. Human love means that you love those who love you.

"For if ye love them which love you, what reward have ye? Do not even the publicans the same?" (Matt. v. 46.)

If they invite you, you invite them. If they do not love you, you do not love them. This is human love. If you have this love it is not the outcome of the abundant life. This is only a natural love, common to all people—even skeptics, agnostics, Mahomedans, and Hindus have this love. Do not boast that this is the fruit of the abundant life.

2. God's love—Jesus Christ Himself. God is love, and He had love in His heart towards the world, which He showed to it by giving His only child. Have you received this love by faith? If you have not this love, you are not a Christian. All those who believe Christ and receive Him as their personal Saviour, have this love. "But as many as received Him, to them gave He power to become the sons of God." (John i. 12.)

3. Christ's love. This is called Christian love. If you possess Christ's love, you have the more abundant life, because this love is the outcome of the abundant life. Carefully see this point, lest you make a mistake.

This love has three marks:

- (a) Christ's love is a constraining love. "For the love of Christ constraineth us; because we thus judge, that if one die for all, then were all dead." (II. Cor. v. 14.)

What is constraining love? Constraining love is not a pumped-up love—not trying to love a person, but you are enabled to do so, and it becomes natural. It is the outcome of the abundant life. When you possess this life it will not be difficult for you to love anybody; you cannot help but love. Your love becomes natural, and you take pleasure in it, you enjoy it—it will never be hard. That is the love that Christ had; that is the love the Disciples had after Pentecost. That is what made them stand for the Lord and love all people, all sects, all denominations, whether low or high, educated or uneducated—all in one—Christ Jesus.

This constraining love is Christ's love. If so be you have not got this, you try to love, but cannot; you try to speak, but cannot speak; you find it hard, you say it is one of the trying things of your life; then you have not got this constraining love, and that shows you have not this abundant life.

The next mark in Christ's love is:

- (b) It is a love that passeth knowledge.

"That Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith; that ye, being rooted and grounded in love, may be able to comprehend with all saints what is the breadth and length, and height, and to know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge, that ye might be filled with all the fulness of God." (Eph. iii. 17, 18.)

What do you mean by this love that "passeth knowledge"? It is beyond all the knowledge of all B. A.'s, or M. A.'s and beyond the knowledge of all intellectual power. No mere brain man can understand your love. It is not Christ's love; but when people marvel at your love, that is the result of this more abundant life. A natural man cannot make you out, because Christ says it "passeth knowledge." Have you this love? Do you love all people? Those who are shabby, low in station, and poor? Do you love them? And do you love your enemies, that is, not only hearing what they say, but truly love them in return? If you do, that is the love that passeth knowledge.

The next mark of Christ's love is:

- (c) It is never-failing.

"Charity never faileth; but whether there be prophecies, they shall fail; whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away." (I. Cor. xiii. 8.)

With this love, you love others at all times. There will never be any difference. You will love a person whether he is well off, or badly off. Now-a-days, many love others when they have plenty of money, when they are doing good business; but when they are badly off they do not know them, nor do they like to speak for them. This is not Christ's love. They recognize all well-to-do people, all rich people, and educated people, but when they see any of them fail in their business, or become poor, they do not recognize them. This is not Christ's love. A never-failing love will love a person all the days of his life, under all circumstances, whatever he falls in.

Have you got this love? Can you honestly say that you have this never-failing love? Do you love all poor people? Do you love people who have met with adversities the same way as you loved them before? If not, your love is not Christ's love, and you have not got this fruitful life. When you possess this love, you cover over other people's sins in love, and will talk only of their good qualities if they have any. You will not enter tales and speak about their badness and their sin, but you will speak of their faults to them straight to their face, and never betray their secrets to others. Not only that, you will have no fear of man. Ask God to examine you. If you don't possess this love, you have not got this life more abundant.

## MAKE THE WORLD BRIGHTER.

LUCY LARCOM.

If the world seems cold to you,  
Kindle fire to warm it!  
Let their comfort hide from view  
Lest their comfort deform it.

Hearts as frozen as your own  
To that radiance gather;  
You will soon forget to moan  
"Ah, the cheerless weather!"

If the world's a wilderness,  
Go, build houses in it!  
Will it help your loneliness  
On the winds to die it?

Raise a hut, however slight;  
Weeds and brambles smother;  
And to roof and meal invite  
Some forlorn brother.

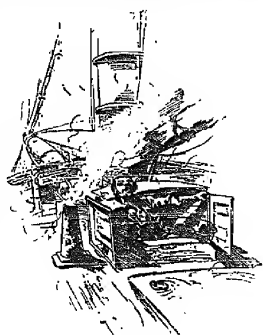
If the world's a veil of tears,  
Smile till rainbows appear it!  
Breathe the love that life endures,  
Clear from clouds to face it.

Of your gladness lend a gleam  
Unto souls that shiver;  
Show them how dark sorrow's stream  
Blends with Hope's bright river.

## BETWEEN THE DEVIL AND THE DEEP SEA.

By A. L. P.

A STORY IN THE XMAS CRY.



## A CHRISTMAS DINNER ON THE NORTH SEA.

An original story in English, by a Dane.

SEE XMAS WAR CRY.

## News from Mid-Ocean.

### BERMUDA.

Of late we have had a good many farewells. Capt. Welsh, of Somerset, after over two years' faithful warfare in Bermuda, bade us good-bye, and on Oct. 30th left by S. S. Trinidad for U. S. A., on furlough.

Lieut. Martin, who has also been in Bermuda for over two years, and is much loved by all, left on Nov. 12th, by S. S. Beta, for St. John, N. B., on furlough.

On Nov. 19th, Cadet Birch, of St. George's, left Bermuda, by S. S. Beta for Jamaica, after being the first colored soldier to enter the field from Bermuda. No doubt many others will follow her example.

Then comes the farewell of thirty five military lads who belong to the Salvation Army Military League. They expected they were going to Halifax, N. S., and were making great plans of how they were going in red-hot to boom the Salvation war, etc. Then came orders to sail to England. This to them would be a pleasant surprise could they but find there and see their friends, etc., but many of them expect that after landing the sick comrades, women and children, they will proceed to the battle's front in South Africa. God bless them. Your humble servant will never forget the farewell of our Leaguers in the Worcester Regiment. The boys could not keep back the tears as they left Hamilton wharf for the troopship, Nov. 26th. May the dear Lord go with them. The Leaguers' motto is "Love shall conquer."

We had scarcely got over the sad feeling of saying good-bye to our Leaguers when Lieut. Hinson came into the quarters with sad news that his brother was drowned. May God bless the Lieutenant and Hinson family, and uphold them in this time of trial and sorrow.

The 1st West India Regiment, who have just come from Sierra Leone, are now stationed at Bermuda. We have had little cards printed and handed around among the men, with the following words:

### THE SALVATION ARMY, BERMUDA.

extend a hearty welcome to the soldiers of the

### WEST INDIA REGIMENT.

We will be pleased to have you attend our meetings when you can.

G. Miller, D.O.

Already we find some good Christian men, and to thank God, a few who belong to our Army. We had five on the platform at Hamilton Sunday night, one being a native of West Africa. They all spoke with power. One brother who is an ex-officer came to Jesus. Our faith is up for many more in the new regiment.

Most of the Naval lads are in for the

winter. See Flory, of H. M. S. Terror, Pte. Fawson, of H. M. S. Buzzard, and Happy Ted Miller, of the Flagship Crescent, and Bro. Hastings and others make things hum when they get together.

We are delighted with the news that Constance is coming to Bermuda in January, 1900. She will receive a great welcome.—Yours in the Blood and Fire, G. Miller, D.O.



Ensign Hoddinott is stirring things up in the W. O. P. in connection with the G. B. M. He has just appointed the following new Local Agents: Sister Virtue, Windsor; Bro. Fuller, Sisters Fuller, Fields, and Yeomans, Chatham; Bro. J. Wade, Wardville, and Sister Mrs. Petcher, Wallingsburg. With this additional staff Lazarus should stand a good show in the W. O. P.

There have been several other appointments in the other Provinces as well: Mark Piercy, Cornwall; J. B. Wooster, Miami, Man.; Emily Olinier, Falkenberg; Sister Golden, Lippincott St.; and M. Thurston, Skerid, Wyo. They will look after the penicils for Lazarus in their respective Provinces.

Ensign Parker wrote: "I went into Mr. Kite's store, at Cornwall, and asked him for his box, it was put away on a shelf. I had found many empty boxes put away, but this box it was packed. It was shaken together, it was jammed down till it could hold no more, then stored away to await the Agent's call, but somehow the Agent missed calling. A scold, take warning and hunt up every box. That one contained \$2.55. Surely this Kite is a high flyer for the G. B. M."

Ensign Burrows always seems to have some good news. While up North he had a meeting at Mt. Nickle Mine. The miners worked nearly all night on the previous night to get a place ready for the lantern service. They spent a very enjoyable time, and the Ensign had a good list of converts. He also reports three for salvation, and an enrolment of four recruits at Sudbury, and one out for holiness at the S.-D. half-night of Huntsville.

Read what the same individual says about Bracebridge: "Our meetings in Bracebridge surprised anything that I have ever witnessed since my present appointment. Praise God. Meetings good all day, with 13 souls—four at 11 a.m., three at 3 p.m., and six at night. Some of the comrades were actually running over with joy. Glory to God. He was with us!"

Ensign Andrews expects to sail for Bermuda about the 20th of December. He is closing up early, but by what he has written the Financial Secretary, he intends at that early date to leave every other Province in the rear this time. Oh, what a target he has set, and he says he expects to get it. If I only dare tell the others, but then it won't do to tell stories out of school, but you wait.

A few things we would like:—All Agents to send us in some notes like the above. There is surely something interesting everywhere. Send particulars of any special times in meetings.

Anything special in connection with the collecting of box cash, like the above from Ensign Parker.

The photo and a short life sketch of any of your Agents or box holders, etc., etc.—T. H. C.

## IMPORTANT!

HELP FOR ALL IN LEGAL DIFFICULTIES.

DO YOU WANT ADVISE CONCERNING?  
PARTNERSHIP AGREEMENTS?  
JOINT STOCK COMPANIES?  
PROPERTY DEEDS?  
MORTGAGES?  
INSURANCES?  
LEGACIES?  
DO YOU IN TROUBLE WITH YOUR?  
CREDITORS?  
MORTGAGEES?

IF SO, the Commissioners is willing to place at your service the knowledge and experience of a competent officer. Address your letter (marked "Confidential") to Major A. Davidson, 5, A. Temple, Albert St., London & send fee, in correct postage, and be charged.

## Our V

### THE BRIT

The Chief of the... in America, also an... chester. They are... an exceptionally fine...

The Indian Family... latest Cry brings... to nearly \$5,000.

The Rev. J. J. L... the Congregational... called at L. H. C... visiting our City C... fore returning to A...

Mr. Mulholland, a... in America, also an... and the prac... work, visited the... days ago, accompan... ker. He has since... about our work at... following sentence: "...ity, not a great pr... actuality."

The Rev. Mr. Sc... Bowd's brother, a... Blackfriars Street... He expressed himse... all he saw, took not... in, and afterward... them, asking for l... able."

### UNITED

The Commander... meetings in New Y... with continued suc... Expansion," was th... est.

A fine and valua... secured in the Cit... Rescue Home. A... girls, and, though... month, is being le... month.

The Editor-in-Ch... is continuing his t... Cry. He takes u... gives us a stirring...

Colonel Sowton l... York after a tour... avian and German...

One of the last... Cornelius Vander... Newport, was to f... charge of the worl... \$25.

### INI

Counselor H... tour visiting the... South Indian and...

Major Jang Bah... lough, from India... on tour speciall... Swedish Self-Den... blessing, spiritual a...

Major Sukh Sing... glowing report of... of the Teregu coun... Prakanam. At one... and at another 80... were enrolled.

The Government... ly shewn its sym... following privileg... ry our officers. 2... half of certain opp...

Our appeal on be... on India has met... sponse from all pa... and Ireland. Sum... shillings to a hund... received, many of... much self-denial. C... Poor Washervoun... shillings—five for... Children's Brethren... lads, Stewart and... their savings toward... a sum of fifteen s...

# Our World-Wide War

## THE BRITISH ISLES.

The Chief of the Staff led four sessions with the Local Officers of Manchester. They are reported as being of an exceptionally fine character.

The Indian Famine Fund grows. The latest Cry brings up the contributions to nearly \$0,000.

The Rev. J. J. Halley, Secretary of the Congregational Union in Victoria, called at I. H. Q. recently, and is visiting our City Colony operations before returning to Australia.

Mr. Mulholland, a friend of the Army's in America, also an admirer of the General and the practical results of his work, visited the Farm Colony some days ago, accompanied by Colonel Barker. He has since expressed his opinion about our work at Huddleigh in the following sentence: "Not a great possibility, not a great probability, but a great actuality."

The Rev. Mr. Soper (Mrs. Bramwell Booth's brother) paid a visit to our Blackfriars Shelter with Colonel Barker. He expressed himself much pleased with all he saw, took note of the men coming in, and afterwards addressed 400 of them, taking for his subject, "God is able."

## UNITED STATES.

The Commander's special holiness meetings in New York City are meeting with continued success. "The Policy of Expansion," was the subject of the latest.

A fine and valuable property has been secured in the City of Buffalo for a Rescue Home. It will accommodate 30 girls, and, though valued at \$80 per month, is being let to us for \$40 per month.

The Editor-in-Chief, Colonel Brewer, is continuing his trip in Europe in the Cry. He takes us to Glasgow, and gives us a stirring report thereof.

Colonel Sowton has returned to New York after a tour round the Scandinavian and German corps.

One of the last acts of the late Mr. Cornelius Vanderhilt before leaving Newport, was to forward the officer in charge of the work there a cheque for \$25.

## INDIA.

Commissioner Higgins is at present on tour visiting the Madras and Telugu, South Indian and Ceylon Territories.

Major Jaug Bulandry, who is on furlough from India, in Sweden, has been on tour specialising on behalf of the Swedish Self-Denial. He reports great blessing, spiritual and financial.

Major Sukh Singh (Blowers) sends a glowing report of the Salvation War in the Telugu country, under Major Gnan Prakasham. At one meeting 110 souls, and at another 80 adults and 50 Juniors were enrolled.

The Government of Ceylon has recently shown its sympathy by granting us the following privileges: 1. License to marry our officers. 2. To visit prisoners in jail. 3. By granting a petition on behalf of certain oppressed people.

Our appeal on behalf of famine-stricken India has met with a generous response from all parts of Great Britain and Ireland. Sums varying from a few shillings to a hundred pounds have been received, many of them the outcome of much self-denial. One letter, signed, "A Poor Washerwoman," has enclosed ten shillings—five for India and five for the Children's Breakfast Fund. Two little lads, Stewart and Donald, have sent their savings towards a bicycle each in a sum of fifteen shillings, "deciding to

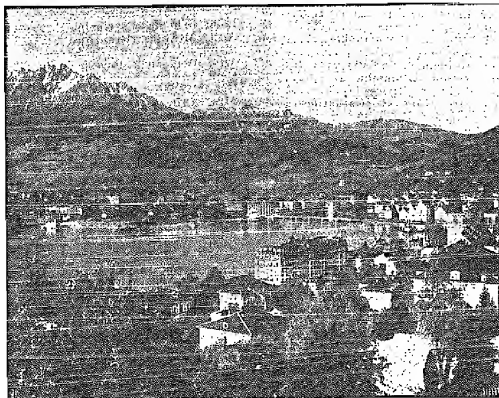
forego that pleasure a little longer in order to alleviate in some degree the sufferings of India's boys and girls."

## FRANCE and SWITZERLAND

The General is spending a fortnight in the French Territory, visiting Paris, Nîmes, Berne, Basle, and Chaux de Fonds.

The rule of the En Avant in the cafes, though a very hard trial, is often accompanied with great blessing. Many instances of real conversions brought about by these sales are reported in the French War Cry.

On Thursday, Nov. 9th, the seventh corps of the French capital was formally opened. Majors Jeannet and Chantrel conducted the proceedings.



Lucerne, Switzerland.

The Rev. Mr. Rollier, a staunch friend of the Army, conducted with success several meetings in the corps of Switzerland lately.

Commissioner Booth-Hellberg has sent \$750 to help swell the Indian Famine Fund.

Two other cities in Switzerland have opened their doors to the Army. They are Soleure and Kreuzlingen.

## ITALY.

Brigadier Percy Clibborn has opened fire in the old city of Pisa. A telegram announces that the opening service was attended by a sympathetic crowd. The officers are expecting great things from the new corps.

An important council of war took place recently in Turin.

The war is progressing all over the country. Officers and soldiers are full of enthusiasm and greatly encouraged in their efforts.

## SOUTH AMERICA.

The last number of the Spanish War Cry publishes a superb out of the General and Commander and Mrs. Booth-Tucker.

Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Bennett, of the Argentine Republic are visiting the Old Country, more especially the different branches of the Army Social Work.

The work in La Plata is rapidly growing. The meetings are well attended and the greatest sympathy is shown by everyone.

At Santa Fe ten recruits are waiting for the visit of Brigadier Pearce in his enroled under the Army Flag. At Paysandu Capt. Thomas has organized a special visiting brigade. It has already helped us much. A special feature of its mission is the reclaiming of backsliders. The idea is worthy of imitation.

From La Bora del Rincuelo a telegram announces an enrolling of soldiers by Brigadier Pearce in a splendid meeting.

The Army has been violently attacked by a paper of La Plata, published under the auspices of the Roman Catholic Church. These persecutions always bring to light the true children of God and followers of Christ, and push them forward for victory.

## FINLAND.

Nearly every corps has its sewing circle, where friends and comrades unite in the work.

The 10th Anniversary of the S. A. in Finland is to be celebrated immediately after Self-Denial Week.

The steam kitchen in Norrköping is prospering also, business being twice as large as six weeks ago.

It has been decided to open a Woman's Shelter in Stockholm, there being a great need for it.

## ICELAND.

Lieut. Sveinsson reports good times. Souls have been saved. Altogether the work in Iceland is very encouraging.

Self-Denial is now well in hand and the officers all over the country are very hopeful and determined to have success.

Three new places are being opened, namely, Hrabakka, Stokkuri, and Akranes. Great hopes are entertained for these places.

About 600 people are to be found in round our open-air every night. Meetings well attended.

## NOTANDA.

Adj. and Mrs. Shaw report good times at Georgetown, British Guiana. On a recent Monday night, without any special attraction, they had 120 in the march. The Adjutant says they are a lovely lot of soldiers, willing to do anything for God.

The War Cry circulation in Jamaica is rising steadily. There are some famous hoimers among the lassie officers, two of whom sell three hundred copies per month, and this is in tiny hamlets, where the populations are very scattered.

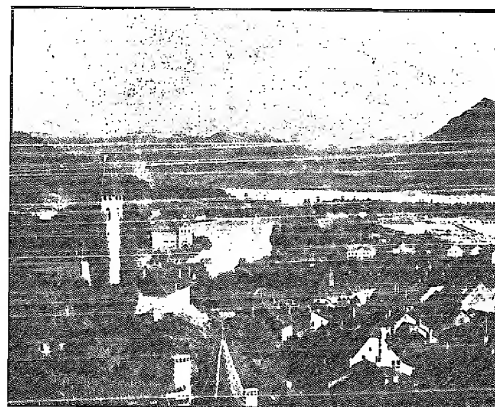
Staff-Capt. Stevens, the War Cry's correspondent at Cape Town, sends to the English Cry a picture of the Army's position as it now stands. A picture of the Salvation Army in hunger at Kimberley is promised for the next issue. Commissioner Kilbey's name is on the committee list for relieving the distress.

## YOUR PLACE.

Just where you stand in the conflict, There is your place! Just where you think you are useless, Hide not your face! God placed you there for a purpose, Whatever it be, Think He has chosen you for it, Work loyally.

Gird on your armor! be faithful At toll or rest, Whichever it be, never doubting God's way is best. Out in the fight, or on picket, Stand firm and true, This is the work which your Master Gives you to do.

Goodness consists not in the outward things we do, but in the inward things we are.—Chaplin.



Thun and the Bernese Alps, Switzerland.





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Officers, Soldiers and Friends are requested to look regularly through this column and to notify the Commissioner if they are able to give any information about persons advertised for.

(Second insertion.)  
JAMES L. HACKING. Age 50 years, height 5 ft. 8 in., brown hair, blue eyes, fair complexion. Last known address, Carrion Mills, Merritt, Ont.

MRS. MARIK METSON, or MARIK. Last known address, in 1889, No. 17 Mars Street, London, England. Any information will be gladly received by her daughter Mary, 64 Durocher Street, Montreal, Canada.

LOVE, MARY. Age 35. Former home in village of Haydon, Dunbarton Township, Ontario. Last heard of 7 years ago at St. Vincent Street, Toronto. Sister Eliza, now Mrs. Saunders, anxious. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

CREW, WILLIAM. Age 30, short, dark eyes and hair, ender complexion. Occupation, steward on board a vessel which plies on the Niagara River, Canada. Address Enquiry, Toronto.



has been down on his hands in any line, I know, the War Cry, who, alone, has the kind of a good."

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## vs. WEST.

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# Songs for all Meetings

## The Fire of the Holy Ghost.

Tunes.—What's the news? (B.J. 12): In memoriam (B.J. 308): Christ for me (B.J. 308): Better world (B.J. 11).

1 Thon Christ of burning, cleansing flame,  
Send the Fire!  
Thy blood-bought gift to-day we claim.  
Send the Fire!  
Look down and see the waiting host.  
Give us the promised Holy Ghost.  
We want another Pentecost—  
Send the Fire!

God of Elijah, hear our cry.  
Send the Fire!  
He'll make us fit to live or die.  
Send the Fire!  
To burn up every trace of sin.  
To bring the light and glory in.  
The revolution now begin—  
Send the Fire!

"The Fire we want, for Fire we plead  
Send the Fire!  
The Fire will meet our every need—  
Send the Fire!  
For strength to ever do the right.  
For grace to conquer in the fight.  
For power to walk the world in white.  
Send the Fire!

## Strength to Conquer.

Tunes.—Sovereignty (B.J. 203): Madrid (B.J. 170): Stella (B.J. 25).

2 O Jesus, Saviour, hear my cry.  
And all my needs just now supply!  
New power I want, and strength, and light,  
That I may conquer in the fight.  
Oh, let me have, wherever I go,  
Thy strength to conquer every foe.

I need Thy love my heart to fill.  
To tell to all Thy blessed will.  
And to the hopeless souls made known  
The power that dwells in Thee alone:  
And then, wherever I may go,  
Thy power shall conquer every foe.

Oh, make my life one blazing fire  
Of pure and eager heart-desire!  
The lost to find, the low to raise,  
And bring them forth Thy name to praise.

Because, wherever I may go,  
I show Thy power to every foe.

## Our Glorious Banner.

Tune.—Lift up the banner (B.B. 3, B.J. 252).

3 We'll shout aloud throughout the land,  
The praises of our God:  
We'll fight beneath our flag unfurled,  
Kept by the Precious Blood.

## Chorus.

So we'll lift up the banner on high,  
The salvation banner of love,  
We'll fight beneath our colors till we die,  
Then go to our home above.

Salvation shall be all our cry,  
Whatever man may say;  
We'll fight for God until we die,  
We're bound to win the day.

Salvation soldiers still fight on,  
Be more courageous still;  
To God the world shall yet belong,  
And bend its stubborn will.

## All Aboard!

Tunes.—Out on the ocean (B.J. 227, 2).  
Glory, glory, Jesus saves me (B.J. 131, 2): You never can tell (B.J. 13, 3): This is why I love my Jesus (B.J. 104, 1).

4 The Gospel ship along is sailing,  
Bound for Canaan's peaceful shore.  
All who wish to sail to glory,  
Come and welcome, rich and poor.

## Chorus.

"Glory, glory, hallelujah!"  
All the sailors loudly cry:  
"See the blessed port of glory  
Open in each faithful eye."

Thousands she has safely landed  
Far beyond this mortal shore:  
Thousands still are sailing in her,  
Yes, there's room for thousands more.

Waft along this noble vessel,  
All ye gales of Gospel grace:  
Carrying every faithful sailor  
To his heavenly landing-place.

Come, poor sinner, come to Jesus,  
Sail with us through life's rough sea:  
Then, with us, you shall be happy,  
Happy through eternity.

## Come to the Cross.

Tune.—Shiner, see you light (B.J. 48).

5 Shiner, see you light,  
Shining clear and bright  
From the cross of Calvary.  
Where the Saviour died,  
And from His side,  
Came the blood that sets us free.

Chorus.  
Come away, come away—  
To the Cross for refuge flee:  
See, the Saviour stands  
With His bleeding hands,  
Thy ransom He paid on the tree.

In the gloomy shade,  
When He knelt and prayed,  
Oh, what painful agony!  
When His brow was wet,  
With bloody sweat,  
In the Garden of Gethsemane.

See, the Saviour stands,  
With His wounded hands,  
And He calls aloud to thee,  
"I for thee life gave,  
Thy soul to save,  
Then thy heart now give to Me."

Come away to Him  
And confess your sin.  
Come to Him Who died for thee:  
To His feet draw near,  
With heart sincere,  
And from sin He'll set thee free.

## Are You Ready?

Tunes.—Ready to die (B.J. 10): Are you washed? (B.J. 210): The Saviour stands waiting (B.J. 17): Just like Him (B.J. 102).

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**WARNING!** Last year many people were disappointed because they could not secure a copy of the **Magnificent Christmas War Cry**. Avoid a similar experience by ordering **AT ONCE**.

6 With a sorrow for sin,  
Must repentance begin,  
Then salvation, of course, will draw nigh:  
But till washed in the Blood  
Of the crucified Lord,  
You will never be ready to die.

We've His word and His oath,  
And His Blood seals them both,  
And we're sure the Almighty can't lie:  
If you do not delay,  
But repent while you may,  
He will soon make you ready to die.

When the fight we have done,  
And the victory won,  
We to mansions of glory shall fly,  
There eternally sing  
To our Saviour and King,  
For His love makes us ready to die.

## A New Favorite.

Tune.—She was bred in old Kentucky.

7 From my God I strayed away, even  
In life's early day,  
Caring not for love which God to me did show:

I my own way wished to choose, was  
Not willing life to lose,  
And intent on having pleasure here below.

I did seek and seek again, but alas!  
'Twas all in vain,  
Out of God my heart was never satisfied.

On my path a light did fall, from the  
Cross I heard a call,  
Telling me that Jesus for my sins had died.

## Chorus.

Oh, Jesus is the fairest that I ever, ever knew,  
He's my Saviour and my Leader as this world I travel through,  
He inspires me to keep fighting,  
In His law I am delighting,  
And I'll reign with Him by-and-by.

In my heart 'twas dark as night, faith  
Had long since took its flight:  
I was weary, sad and lonely, would  
Not pray:

But I felt as ne'er before, while God's  
Voice said o'er and o'er,  
That forgiveness could be mine that  
Very day.

Then my tears did freely flow as the  
Spirit laid me low,  
And in simple faith confess my every sin:

God's own hand me lifted up, let me  
Drink of joy's deep cup,  
And I felt His pardoning love and  
Grace within.

Now, I ask of you to-day, Will you not  
Begin to pray  
To your loving Heavenly Father? See  
He stands,

Asking you to stop and think ere you  
Reach the cross's brink,  
Pointing you to Jesus' bleeding heart  
And hands!

Come and seek His proffered grace, come  
And bow before His face,  
Come and tell your guilt, your doubts,  
Your every fear.

Hark! His ear is now bent low, and  
The blood doth freely flow,  
He is waiting now thy wounded heart  
To cheer.

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THE WAR CRY, Official Gazette of the Salvation Army, printed and published by John M. C. How, R. A. Printing House, 18 Albert Street, Toronto.